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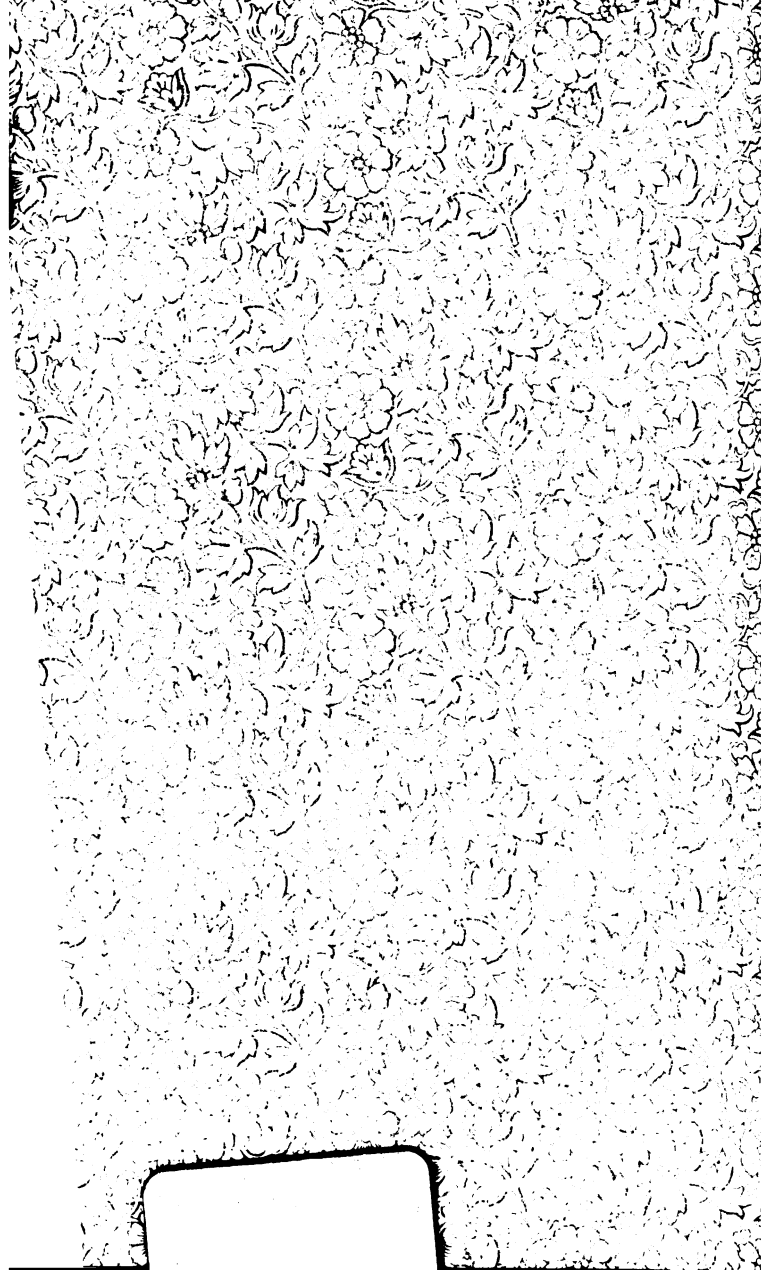
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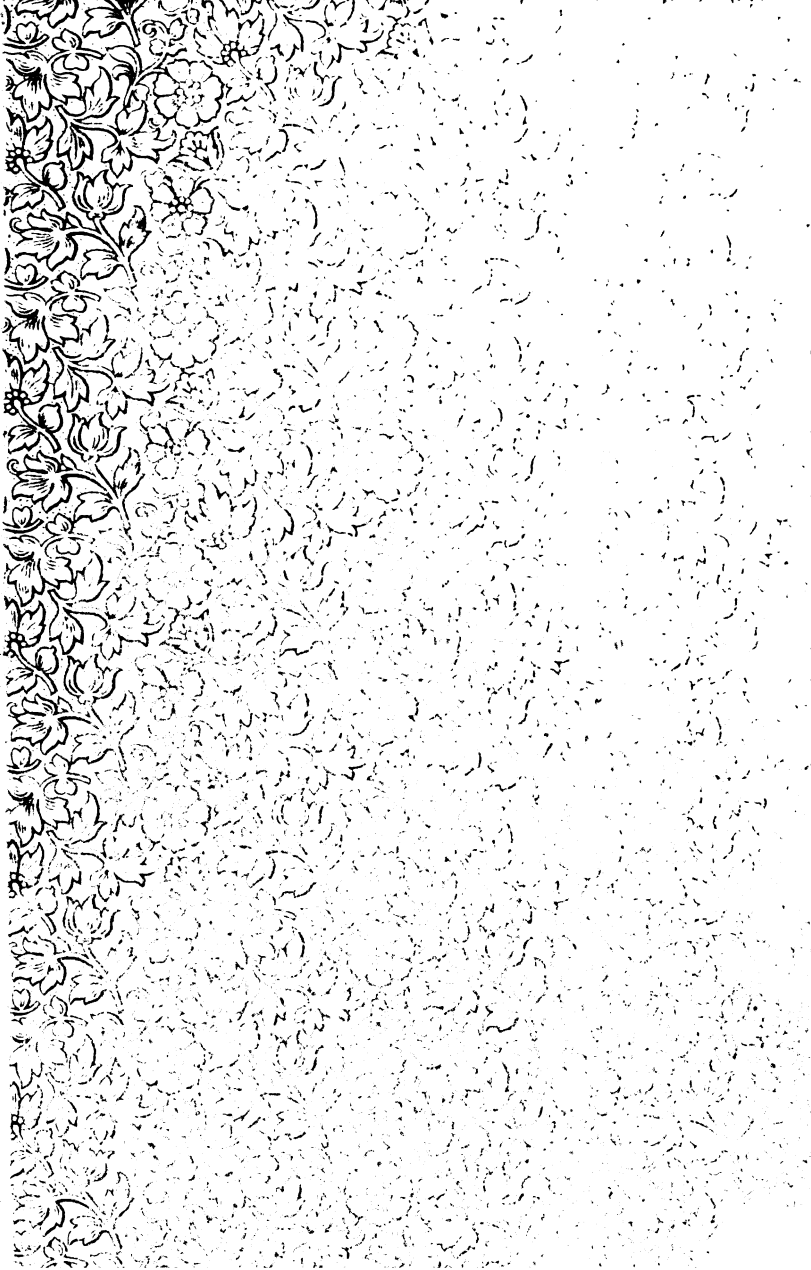
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Sunday, August 1

RANDOM RIMES.

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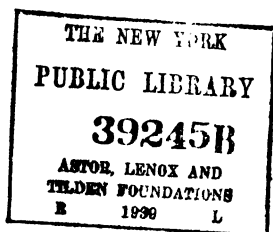
# RANDOM RIMES.

MEDICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

by

N. W. AND J. P. RAND.

BOSTON:  
OTIS CLAPP & SON.  
1897.



*Copyright 1897.*  
BY N. W. AND J. P. RAND.

PRESS OF OLIVER B. WOOD,  
WORCESTER, MASS.



WOR 19 FEB '36



THE verses of this little book lay no claim to literary merit. They have been written from time to time simply as a diversion from exacting professional duties, and are now presented at the request of friends who have shown a kindly interest in them. That they may be found true to nature and the varied experiences of our common life is the hope of

THE AUTHORS.



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SMALL CAPITALS are here used to designate the productions of N. W. R., while those of J. P. R. are indicated by *Italics*.

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PART I.

OCCASIONAL AND FRAGMENTARY.



## OCCASIONAL AND FRAGMENTARY.

---

### I.

#### THE CYCLER'S SONG.

**W**HEN the world is dark about you  
And your boon companions doubt you,  
When your sweetheart seems without you  
Quite  
as well  
to feel ;  
Do not fly to pew or pastor ;  
Do not trust to pill or plaster ;  
What will save you from disaster  
Is  
a fly-  
ing wheel.

When your throbbing temples quiver,  
When your bones with ague shiver,

And the bile within your liver  
Threat-  
                  ens to  
                          congeal ;  
What will give exhilaration,  
Quicken up the circulation,  
End your stupor and stagnation  
Like  
                  a mag-  
                          ic wheel ?

When your brain is dazed with thinking  
And your muscles soft are shrinking  
Till your very soul seems sinking,  
As  
                  you home-  
                          ward reel ;  
What will make you strong as iron,  
Brighter than the famed Orion,  
Give you courage of a lion  
Like  
                  a dash-  
                          ing wheel ?

When your pulse is weak and thready,  
When your breathing is unsteady,  
And your stomach never ready

To

digest

a meal ;

What will end the enervation,  
Re-establish respiration,  
And assist assimilation

Like

the health-

ful wheel?

When you magnify your losses,  
Petty slights and countless crosses,  
When the knave your name endorses

Makes

a stu-

pid deal ;

Be not hopeless, unbelieving,  
Fortune is not past retrieving,  
There are chances for achieving,—

Learn

to ride

a wheel.

Oh! who is worthier a crown  
Of riches, honor and renown,  
Than he who taught us care to drown  
And ev-  
ery sor-  
row heal,—  
Who taught us how to lightly spring  
Like gladsome bird upon the wing  
And guide that airy, fairy thing—  
A pal-  
pita-  
ting wheel,—

To breathe the air of morning bright,  
To revel in its dewy light,  
And reverently before the might  
Of God's  
crea-  
tion kneel,  
Or when the evening twilight glows  
To quit the haunts of countless foes  
And earn a blissful night's repose  
By ram-  
bling on  
a wheel?



How silently we glide along,  
A whirl, a flash, and we are gone,  
Like Hermes with winged sandals on  
Jove's man-  
dates to  
reveal!

See ! See ! The trees with flying feet  
Rush madly by us as we meet,  
While far behind the winds so fleet  
In vain  
pursue  
our wheel !

Then ho ! my boys, to care good-by,  
From toil and trouble let us fly,  
And find beneath the boundless sky  
What hu-  
man haunts  
conceal ;

Come, all who pine for safe retreat  
From stifled store and crowded street,  
Behold this paragon complete —  
The soul-  
inspir-  
ing wheel !

October 26, 1894.

## II.

## OUR FAITH.

Read at the annual dinner of the Homœopathic Medical Society of Western Massachusetts, Springfield, March 20, 1895.

**A**S comrades of a scattered band  
At war against disease and death,  
We meet to grasp the friendly hand  
And reaffirm our common faith.

We reaffirm, but not abuse,  
The sacred rights for which we stand —  
The right to take, the right to use,  
The best our wisdom can command.

We bow unto no man the knee ;  
We brook no ancient, iron creed ;  
Our attitude is— Loyalty  
To Truth wherever she may lead.

Whate'er of worth the fathers wrought  
We humbly, gratefully confess ;  
Nor prize we less the latest thought  
That comes humanity to bless.

We honor age, we honor youth,  
We honor every class, or clan,  
That bravely battles for the truth  
And for the betterment of man.

Nor care we what the means, or whence,  
In which restoring power we find —  
From matter, or the more intense  
And subtle potencies of mind,—

From earth, or air, or sun, or seas,  
Or from the lightning's lurid breath,—  
We care not, so they heal disease  
And stay the awful hand of death.

If this be "dogmatism blind,"  
With dear old Whittier we say :  
"Pray for us, that our feet may find  
Some broader, safer, surer way."

Albeit this our faith holds fast —  
The kindlier method, known as ours,  
Above the crudeness of the past,  
Like Calvary over Sinai towers !

The long-used lancet lies at rest ;  
The leech bides in its native flood ;  
And ne'er again, at man's behest,  
Shall they regale on human blood.

The cruel thirst of time ago  
Is lost in crystal waters quaffed ;  
For Hahnemann has lived — and lo !  
The fevered lip hath cooling draught !

All honor to that gracious name !  
Nail it aloft before our sight,  
Among the noblest sons of fame,  
In characters of living light !

But Heaven forbid that we should boast  
Over our bit of knowledge gained,  
It seems so swallowed up and lost  
Beside the boundless unattained.

The unattained ! Stupendous word !  
What visions in its face we see !  
And in its syllables are heard  
What whisperings from futurity !

It points us to a golden day,  
Wherein man shall so comprehend  
Great Nature's laws—and so obey,  
That all disease shall have an end ;

A day when gladness grief shall drown,  
And dirge to delectation rise,  
And Prophylaxis win the crown  
From 'Therapeutics' envious eyes ;

A day when time, exempt from fears,  
Shall sit so lightly on the brow  
That man shall round an hundred years  
As gracefully as sixty now.

Perchance he may on earth remain  
So long as he shall choose to stay,  
Then take some through, aerial train,  
And, like Elijah, whirl away !

Indeed we cannot apprehend  
The wonders we may yet behold,  
When blood of horse and man shall blend  
As in the centaurs, famed of old ;

When wicked germs no more shall dare  
To stifle babies at the breast,  
And all the microbes of the air  
Have been forever laid at rest ;

When people, of whatever "school,"  
Shall cease to "dose"—if cease they can,—  
And learn that Nature, as a rule,  
If not abused is true to man.

'Tis coming ! Yes, we dare to hope,  
Though doubt doth every point beset,  
The culture tube and microscope  
Will solve the mighty problem yet.

'Tis coming—the protecting light  
Of higher knowledge yet to be—  
As sure as stars come out at night,  
Or rivers reach the roaring sea.

'Tis coming ! Expectation thrills  
At thought of triumphs pressing on !  
See ! Even now the eastern hills  
Are bannered with the flags of dawn !

## III.

## THE HOMŒOPATH.

From class poem, New York Homœopathic Medical College, March 14, 1883.

NOT a quack, nor a pretender,  
Not a patent nostrum vender,  
Not of dogmas a defender  
Is the Homœopath.

But a man who takes and uses  
Any drug and dose he chooses,  
Nor his title thus abuses  
Of a Homœopath.

All this bitter jar and jangle,  
All this rivalry and wrangle  
Does not in the least entangle  
The genial Homœopath.



If a troubled brother needs him,  
 With a ready hand he heeds him,  
 Thus his code of duty leads him  
                     As a Homœopath.

And if some despise, refuse him,  
 Ridicule him and abuse him,  
 'Tis for them to mourn who lose him,  
                     Not the Homœopath.

As the fearless roving tar,  
 Guided by a constant star,  
 Gains the haven sought afar,  
                     So the Homœopath.

Not empirically shifting  
 To each transient wave's uplifting,  
 Nor with aimless breezes drifting  
                     Is the Homœopath ;

But his course is onward ever,  
 Winds and waves disturb him never,  
 Storms but strengthen the endeavor  
                     Of the Homœopath.

Anything to cure disease,  
Let it come from land or seas,  
Is a Godsend that will please  
Every Homœopath.

IV.

O D E .

Sung at the banquet of the New York Homœopathic Medical College Alumni Association, New York, May 2, 1895.

**G**REAT Hahnemann of thee  
And Homœopathy  
To-day we sing !  
Thou, whose colossal mind  
Brought law from chaos blind,  
To thee let all mankind  
A tribute bring !

The nations look to thee,  
Blest Homœopathy,  
For glad relief—  
They wait with out-stretched palms

Thine all-restoring balms  
To still the dread alarms  
Of pain and grief.

Let all that breathe proclaim  
And magnify the name  
We laud to-day !  
Let jealous rivals quake,  
Their gibes and jeers forsake,  
While grateful millions wake  
The gladsome lay.

Great Master, now to thee  
And Homœopathy  
Again we sing !  
Long may our homes be bright,  
With truth's protecting might,  
And health and sweet delight  
Its teachings bring !

V.

MAUD MÜLLER (MEDICATED).

(With due apologies to J. G. W.)

Presented at the dinner of the Worcester Homœopathic Dispensary Association, May 18, 1894.

A RUSTIC youth one summer day  
Was hoeing corn by the dusty way."

His dreamy, schemeful brain was rife  
With countless plans for an easy life.

Slowly he worked as though he meant  
To take his leisure as he went ;

And when he dreamed in a pensive way  
Of pleasures that in cities lay,

His muscles shrunk in their zeal for rest,  
And a nameless *ennui* filled his breast —

A longing, many a man has known,  
For an easier lot to call his own.

A city doctor drove that way  
With a dashing span and a rich *coupé*.

He drew a halt, when he saw the lad,—  
In a patronizing way he had—

And asked for a spray of the iris blue  
Which just across the meadow grew.

The flattered youngster hied away  
And soon came back with a big bouquet ;

Nor recked he of his father's frown  
For trampling half the meadow down.

"Thanks, thanks," the doctor made reply,  
"You've brought me here a year's supply.

"How little you the value know  
Of plants that all around you grow !

"The ivy clinging to the trees ;  
The clover kissed by honey bees ;

“The saffron growing by the mill ;  
The laurel blooming on the hill ;

“The dandelions at your feet ;  
The buttercups, and bittersweet ;

“The Indian hemp ; the black snake root ;  
The garget with its crimson fruit ;

“The foxglove ; golden seal, and rue ;  
The gentian with its blossoms blue ;

“The sumac, and the willow trees ;  
The hemlock drunk by Socrates ;

“The pink root, and the pigeon wheat ;  
The leeks and onions that you eat ;

“The club moss, and Saint John's-wort bright ;  
The cactus blooming in the night ;

“The boneset, and the yellow dock ;  
The graceful fern with slender stalk ;

“The bloodroot, and the poppy bold ;  
The mullein, and the marigold ;

“The clematis with trailing vine ;  
The golden-blossomed jessamine ;

“The skull-cap, and the cedar tree ;  
The nettle, and anemone ;

“The purple meadow queen so tall ;  
And hazel blooming last of all.

“A thousand things your eyes discern —  
You should, my lad, their uses learn.”

And the boy forgot his palm-leaf hat  
In listening to the doctor's chat ;

And felt his soul expand and rise  
At the wonders opening to his eyes.

At last, like one who fain would stay,  
The hurried doctor drove away.

And the foolish youngster sighed, “Ah, me !  
That I a doctor, too, might be !

“I'd fix myself up mighty fine ;  
I'd smoke cigars and sip my wine ;



"I'd keep my fingers out of dirt  
And wear a diamond in my shirt ;

"My driver should dress in the grandest style  
With a bearskin cape and a beaver tile ;

"The office boy should know his place  
And wait my call with modest grace ;

"My wife should have the choicest fruit,  
And the baby wear a 'Gertrude suit ;'

"I'd bleed the rich ; I'd feed the poor ;  
(And both 'd be better off I'm sure.'")

The doctor turned as he climbed the hill  
And saw the youngster standing still :

"A better, heartier physique  
It were a vain attempt to seek ;

"And everything about him there  
Is absolutely free from care.

"Would I were he, instead, to-day,  
Of slaving round in fashion's way.

"No listening to the hearts and lungs  
Of spleeny dames with endless tongues ;

"But driving home the dreamy cows,  
Or hunting hens' nests on the mows."

But he thought how the boys at the club would  
    stare  
To see the hayseed in his hair ;

So he turned his head and drove along  
And soon was lost in the distant throng.

But his patients smiled in a curious way  
When he talked of nothing but farms next day.

And the lad stood dreaming on his hoe  
Until it was time for the cows to go.

The doctor's *clientèle* were those  
Who judge of worth by style and clothes.

Yet often when his gorgeous *suite*  
Was filled with the so-called *elite*,

And he had listened to the string  
Of petty ailments they would bring,

He'd language use I may not tell —  
And wish them every one in — health.

Or when upon some luckless day  
He'd done a laparotomy,

And just as he was through, perhaps,  
Off went the patient in collapse ;

Or when at night he had undressed  
To seek his couch for needed rest,

And hardly closed his eyes, to hear  
The night bell clanging in his ear ;

He'd quite forget his certain fee  
And sigh, "O would that I were free!

"Free as the lad, I met one day,  
Hoing corn by the dusty way."

And the boy grew up like a love-sick swain  
With an aching heart and a blighted brain.

He did his work in a listless style,  
As though it were hardly worth the while ;

And oft when the summer sun was hot  
He would wipe his brow and bemoan his lot ;

And think of the doctor that passed one day  
With his dashing span and his rich *coupé* ;

And see again the iris blue,  
And a host of phantom plants review ;

And think of the pains he might have relieved,  
And the countless gains he might have received,

Till his laggard hoe to a lancet turned ;  
And the tasseled corn like gas lights burned ;

And his dump-cart shone in their lurid blaze ;  
And his oxen pranced like the doctor's bays ;

And himself a notable man he saw,  
Whose look was wisdom and whose word was  
law.

Then he turned with a start to his hoe again  
And sadly murmured, "It might have been."

Alas, for doctor and foolish boy—  
For empty pomp and dull employ !

God pity them both, and pity us too  
When we pine for a work we never can do ;

For of all the hardships under the sun,  
Each thinks his own is the hardest one ;

And in every closet beneath the skies  
Is a skeleton hid from human eyes.

Oh ! who would envy his neighbors, pray,  
If the masks were snatched from their souls  
away?

## VI

## MOTHER'S BABY.

Response at the annual dinner of the Worcester  
County Homœopathic Medical Society, November  
9, 1892.

THE baby ! Bless his little soul—  
We all have babies been—  
'Tis he alone who gains control  
Of house and all within.  
No tyrant king with golden crown  
Could so despotic be ;  
No monarch pass his sceptre down  
So certainly as he.  
And yet such evanescent reign  
Cannot be wholly bliss ;  
Which one of us would not complain  
To be a king like this ?  
Who would exchange his frosty pate

And eyes with vision dim,  
And teeth, all fastened to a plate,  
And withered brow and limb,  
And through the corridors of time  
Be carried back to-day  
And start again life's steps to climb  
In nature's homely way?

To be a babe, poor, helpless, dumb—  
Its trials now appear ;  
How few by invitation come  
To homes that wait them here !  
What wonder that they always cry  
In uttermost despair ?  
They know, alas ! they know them nigh,—  
The tortures they must bear.  
For granny's spirit fairly glows  
With ardor to display  
The endless round of things she knows,  
Or has known, in her day ;  
And ere he is an hour old  
His little mouth she fills  
With all the messes it will hold,  
To antedate his ills.

Perhaps the one who gave him birth  
His birthright may deny,  
And bid those founts of priceless worth  
That flow for him, be dry.  
O mothers, who refuse to give  
Your helpless babes their due,  
'Tis only just that you should live  
To be neglected too !

Oh ! who would be a babe, I pray,  
In helplessness to lie,  
The merest waif on fortune's way  
Nor ken the reason why?  
Perchance of all the things he sees  
Around on every side,  
He's given what the least would please,  
And what would most, denied ;  
He's trotted when he wants to rest,  
And rested when he'd trot ;  
When shivering with cold, undressed,  
And bundled up when hot ;  
He's fed until he overflows  
And, when he cries with pain,  
At once the ready mixture goes



Into his mouth again.  
And when he really cries for food,  
No one his call can tell,  
He's ill, the stupid parents think,  
And must be dosed a spell;  
So down the soothing syrup goes,  
Or soporific pill;  
How many babes — God only knows —  
Are sleeping from them still!

It makes me shudder to behold  
The nursing tubes we see,  
Whose use, for reasons manifold,  
Prohibited should be;  
And patent foods of countless make,  
And sterilizers new,  
And artful schemes that undertake  
Maternal work to do.  
And so the mother gads about  
In fashion's giddy ways,  
And trusts her babe, when she is out,  
To Bridget, now-a-days.

Oh! who would be a babe, I pray,

To cut his teeth again,  
And fret and drool and spew away,  
As all of us did then?  
Oh ! who can shake the horrors off,  
Which still in memory run,  
Of measles, mumps, and whooping-cough,  
That took us, one by one?  
And chicken-pox that left its pits  
Where'er its pustules spread,  
And stomach-worms that gave us fits,  
And scarlet-fever dread?

Oh ! who would be a babe, I pray,  
If for no cause but this—  
To be a target in the way  
For every one to kiss?—  
For spinsters who have not been kissed  
Since they themselves were small,  
For filthy feeders who subsist  
On onions, tops and all,  
For faces scarred with every form  
Of loathsome skin disease,  
For breaths in which bacilli swarm  
Like maggots in a cheese,

For lips befouled by vile cigars,  
 For bearded faces rough,  
 For beldams rank with old catarrhs  
 And nostrils filled with snuff?  
 Here shrivelled cheeks and toothless gums  
 Would fain their lives refresh,—  
 Like Shylock, from each babe that comes,  
 They claim a "pound of flesh."  
 O Portia, clad with sovereign grace,  
 Come with thy spirit, too,  
 And teach the greedy ones their place  
 And all to justice do.

In closing let us change the song  
 And touch a softer lay—  
 These little ones we plainly wrong,  
 What are they like, I pray?

Richest blessing from above  
 Is this pledge of plighted love—  
Precious baby!

Like the curtains of the skies  
 Are his wonder-lighted eyes—  
Blue-eyed baby!

Like the shifting showers of May  
Melt his glistening tears away —  
Changeful baby !

Like the sunshine after rain  
All his smiles return again —  
Wondrous baby !

Like the sweetest bud that blows  
Is his little rounded nose —  
Charming baby !

Like the fragrant garden bloom  
Is his breath in rich perfume —  
Rarest baby !

Like a berry from the south  
Is his all-delicious mouth —  
Luscious baby !

Like a quintessential bliss  
Is the honey of his kiss —  
Sweetest baby !

Like the pearls that lie beneath

Snowy billows are his teeth—  
Priceless baby !

Like the music of a bell  
Do his peals of laughter swell—  
Happy baby !

Like the eddies of a stream  
All his rounded dimples gleam—  
Sparkling baby !

Like the moon's reflected light  
Beam his silken tresses bright—  
Beauteous baby !

Like a fledgeling in its nest  
Clings he to his mother's breast—  
Loving baby !

Like the Maker of us all  
Is the little *soul* we call—  
Mother's baby !

## VII.

## LINES TO A MICROBE.

Read at a banquet of the Rhode Island Homœopathic Medical Society, Providence, Jan. 10, 1896.

**S**PEAK, and tell us, O Bacillus !  
Wherefore, wherefore, do you fill us  
With a terror that will kill us?  
And we cannot make it go ;  
For from fear of thee we falter  
Like a trembling lamb at slaughter,  
While the earth and air and water  
All your hateful presence know.  
What, O what was thy relation  
To the world at its creation,  
That in every tribe and nation  
You are lurking for your prey?  
Were you with the race coëval?  
Did you see the great upheaval  
When the woman chose the evil

And the —— mischief was to pay?  
Were you at that moment hidden  
Safe within the fruit forbidden  
That to death mankind you've ridden  
Since that fatal afternoon?  
When the serpent's soft addresses  
Won our mother's first caresses,  
Did you know that your successes  
Would become assured so soon?  
When with honeyed words he guyed her  
And the tempting fruit supplied her,  
How you packed your trunk inside her  
For a never ending lease!  
And when Adam followed after,  
Then you split your sides with laughter,  
Wrote your wife, or telegraphed her,  
"We have got a 'flat' apiece."  
True it is, I now relate:  
What determined Adam's fate  
Was the germ by which of late  
Koch the Ger(m)-man made repute;  
For it cannot be denied  
( 'Less you say the Scriptures lied),  
Adam of consumption died,

Yes—consumption of the fruit.  
And the cause of his disaster  
Still increasing, fast and faster,  
Lives to-day a dreaded master  
Ruling with a tyrant's sway ;  
Still it steals away our pleasures,  
Robs us of our choicest treasures  
Till a tithe of all it measures  
As its right, and lawful prey.

What, Bacillus, was the start  
Of the antiseptic art?  
Was it needful, or a part  
Of the doctor's *coup d'état*?  
If one-half we hear about it  
Now be true—and who can doubt it—  
How could Eve have done without it  
On her parturition day?

Was it lactopreparata  
Fed to Cain that made him smarter  
Than the sweet and gentle martyr  
Who was reared in nature's way?  
And because his food one night



Was not sterilized aright  
Did the ptomaines make him fight  
And his only brother slay?

What about the sanitation  
In the ark, for all creation,  
With no proper ventilation  
That the sacred records show?  
Why did not typhoid fever  
Gain an entrance there and leave her  
Deader than the rats beneath her,  
"Drownéd rats" of long ago?

Mighty Naaman of old  
Left his leprosy, we're told,  
In the swells of Jordan cold  
As its turbid waves rolled by;  
Left it, but he little knew  
That his malady was due  
To a parasite we view  
With a microscopic eye.

And Gehazi did not see  
When he stole the leper's fee

That it should aseptic be  
Ere he carried it away.  
Had he done so, who can tell,  
But the curse that on him fell,  
Might have left him safe and well  
Like the rascals of to-day?

But I have not time to tell  
Half the germs that in us dwell;  
How we wish them all in——well,  
Where the wicked germs should be.  
Micrococci round and small,  
Rods which we bacilli call,  
Vibriones one and all,  
Spirilla, spirochætæ,  
Cholera, pyæmia,  
Anthrax, septicæmia,  
Pediculi and tænia,  
We do not want you round!  
Athrospore and endospore,  
Sarcinæ and protozoa,  
Trichinæ, hide yourselves no more!  
Hydatids, you are found!  
Leave at once and leave us wholly

To ourselves amœba coli,  
We were not created solely  
For a nesting place for thee !  
And each other plague the same,  
Though we may not know your name,  
Get you back from whence you came,  
Let us suffering mortals be !

Oh, how hopeless is the fight  
With a viewless parasite !  
We may put a host to flight  
On the tented field,  
But when demons in the air,  
Food we eat, and clothes we wear,  
Prey upon us everywhere,  
What can we but yield ?

## VIII.

## THE DESSERT.

On presenting a bouquet to a medical friend,  
March 17, 1890.

I N days of old,  
As we are told,  
The hero brave and true  
Was decked in sheen  
Of living green  
In proof of honors due ;

And maidens fair  
Entwined his hair  
With garlands deftly made,  
And king and queen  
With gracious mien  
Their royal homage paid.

But we, to-night,  
Have naught to write  
Of battles lost and won ;  
We celebrate  
Our native State,  
And toast her worthy son.

'Tis well to praise  
In rhythmic lays  
The hero o'er and o'er  
Who dares to fight  
For home and right  
And drench his hands in gore ;

But better far  
Than war's hurrah  
And cannon, smoke and blood,  
Is skill to calm  
A dread alarm  
And staunch life's crimson flood.

'Tis surely more  
To health restore,  
Bring back a single one,

Than win a fight  
With dynamite,  
Or man a murderous gun.

Nor has he less  
Of manliness,  
Courage and valor too,  
Who hazards life  
In daily strife  
With death and dangers true,

Than he who bears  
A flag — and wears  
A uniform of blue, —  
Who bears it high  
With flashing eye  
Relentless death to woo.

Then loud huzzas  
For sons of Mars,  
For every soldier brave,  
But louder still  
For him whose will  
And mission is to save.

But, Doctor dear,  
We are not here  
To laud your craft or skill,  
Though truly all  
Within my call  
Would do so with a will.

But, if you please,  
For courtesies,  
For kind and thoughtful aid,  
And for your share  
Of toil and care  
And generous efforts made,

We wish to show  
You that we know  
And thank you for them all ;  
In proof we bring  
This offering,  
Which, please accept, though small.

These leaves will fall,  
These petals all  
Will wither and decay,

But time nor space  
Can e'er efface  
The message they convey.

No words can tell  
Our thought so well,  
No picture can portray,  
E'en music sweet  
Is not more meet  
To voice the soul, than they.

They represent  
The sentiment  
We all would gladly pay —  
Ay, more,—suggest  
Our very best  
Regards for you to-day.



## IX.

## NOSTALGIA.

(HOMESICKNESS.)

O STRANGE, O most mysterious disease  
That layest hold upon the heart of man,—  
La Grippe of soul from Isles of Discontent,  
For whose attacks there remedy is none !  
What scientist can trace thy secrets out,  
Or grow thy germs within a culture tube?  
What microscope can magnify thy parts  
To meet the feeble ken of mortal eye?  
What tactile sense in cunning fingers hid  
Can note the change a soul in grief may feel?  
And yet in every clime thou dost appear  
And like a fiend incarnate workest woe !  
At thy approach each vital function fails  
And ills in countless number throng thy wake.

Childhood recoils in tears at thy chill touch,  
The mother-breast is filled with yearnings  
    strange,  
The father-heart in silence suffers on,  
While hoary age, aweary with the world,  
Looks upward to the land beyond the skies  
And longs to find a rest—to be at home !

X.

SONS OF HAHNEMANN.

Read at the annual dinner of the Worcester County Homœopathic Medical Society, Worcester, Mass., November 8, 1893.

I.

I WISH I might bring you the song you invite,  
But really don't see how I can ;  
The fastidious muse  
Is so sure to refuse  
The suit of a medical man.

She likes men of leisure, of culture, and means,  
The *litterateurs* and their clan ;  
But her shoulders she shrugs  
At the odor of drugs  
That clings to the medical man.

She dotes upon diadems, banners, and swords  
A-gleam on the front of the van ;  
    But chill are the glances  
    She casts at the lances  
And probes of the medical man.

She 's a lover of music in mountain, or sea,  
Cathedral, or gilded divan ;  
    But she shrinks from the moanings  
    The shrieks, and the groanings,  
That surge round the medical man.

For she loves only pleasure, and so has defied  
The doctor her footsteps to lure ;  
    He has nothing to share  
    But interminate care,  
And his night-bell she 'd never endure.

“ But she smiled on a Holland, and Holmes,”  
    do you say ?  
Well—now let me tell you, the fact is  
    She smiled upon neither,  
    Nor listened to either,  
Till he 'd said a good-bye to his practice.

And since 't is her way to make such display  
Of abhorrence for doctors about her,  
Let us try for awhile  
The chagrin to beguile,  
And get on to-day, friends, without her.

## II.

We are the sons of Hahnemann,  
And of Hippocrates ;  
We boast a royal heritage  
Alike from both of these ;  
We brook no limit to the means  
We use to heal disease ;  
For we are the sons of Hahnemann,  
And of Hippocrates.

No grander line of heraldry  
Was ever known to man ;  
For with Apollo's noblest son  
Our lineage began.  
Apollo's son,  
On Pelion,  
In Chiron's mystic cave,  
With all the gods in council met,

And planned the art to save.  
And since that glad auspicious day,  
Physicians of renown  
From age to age the priceless boon  
To us have handed down.  
Their deeds are written everywhere  
The thought of man is rife—  
In earth, in ocean, and in air,  
And every form of life.  
Our very frames,  
With deathless names  
On tablets fit, are stored,  
From great Herophilus's press  
Down to Achilles' cord.  
We own them all, the glorious host,  
Despite their schools and sects,—  
Our Mortons, Harveys, Jenners, Kochs,  
Our Listers and Laennecs;  
We rise above each petty feud  
Our better natures ban,  
And claim a royal brotherhood  
With every worthy man.  
To any one  
Who well has done

We'll honor not refuse,  
From Celsus down to Sydenham,  
From Sydenham to Hughes.  
And here we raise  
A song of praise  
To all who heal disease;  
For they are kin to Hahnemann,  
And to Hippocrates.

Great Nature was their mother,  
Their teacher, and their friend;  
And we upon no other  
Authority depend.  
Books writ by men  
Of cunning pen  
'Tis ours to compare  
With her great book, and disregard  
All found unwritten there.  
It is ours to seek the relation  
Of life to her changeless plan,  
And apply the interpretation  
Of her laws to the weal of man.  
To ask of the winds of heaven :  
"What secrets have ye to tell

Of the climes of earth ye have traversed,  
Of ocean, or mount, or dell,  
Of forest, or fen, or fountain,  
That can make our brothers well?"

To say to the rocks beneath us,  
The sea, and the mountain ore :  
"What treasures can ye bequeath us,  
From your exhaustless store,  
What mystical powers of matter,  
O tell us, we implore,  
That may bring a balm to sickness,  
And strength to the weak restore?"

To question the herbs and grasses,  
That in the mould have birth,  
And the trees, and vines, and mosses  
That drink of the milk of earth :  
"What anodynes, what tonics,  
Have your alembics now  
That may strength impart  
To a fainting heart,  
Or quiet a fevered brow?"

To call to the myriad creatures  
That throng the land and sea,  
And the very air above us :



“What medicines have ye  
From the elements selected  
That may of service be  
In bringing relief  
To the pain and grief  
Of frail humanity?”  
Then to the mind immortal  
’Tis ours to make appeal,  
That the touch of the spirit’s sceptre  
Defects of the flesh may heal :  
“Ye forces within and around us,  
Mysteriously given,  
Intangible, invisible,  
Invincible as Heaven,—  
Say, what can ye do for a soul distraught,  
For a system of nerves unstrung,  
For a heart oppressed, or a brain o’er-wrought,  
Or a body with anguish wrung—  
Say, what can ye do where strength is naught,  
And hope to the winds is flung?”

Thus do we question Nature,  
Question, at every turn,  
While she, with marvelous patience,

Still bids us strive and learn ;  
For oh ! she is kind to her children,  
And, if we could only know,  
She holds a relief  
For every grief  
And a balm for every woe.  
If only we knew the secrets  
That lurk in her hidden power,  
We could baffle death  
Till the latest breath  
Of age's frosty hour ;  
And then, as fall the autumn leaves,  
Or petals of the rose,  
Mankind content  
With days full-spent  
Would welcome death's repose.  
But we are only children  
Gathered around the knees  
Of Nature—wondrous teacher !—  
Conning our A, B, C's,  
And now she bids us onward  
To grander things than these ;  
For we are the sons of Hahnemann,  
And of Hippocrates.

Ah ! woe to him who rests secure  
 In a little knowledge gained,  
 Who heeds not the fathomless height and depth,  
 Who heeds not the measureless length and  
     breadth  
 Of the vast and unattained !  
 And woe, if we  
 Content should be  
 With the trifles we comprehend ;  
 Since life, with all that one can see  
 Of its stupendous mystery —  
 Of things that are, and things to be —  
 Is ours to defend.  
 Ours its two great portals  
 Swinging to chime, and knell —  
 Ours, the primal welcome ;  
 Ours, the last farewell !

## III.

O the changes man will see  
     When Truth shall come !  
 Doctors then will all agree,  
 Nurses teachable will be,

Patients uncomplainingly  
Bide whate'er the fates decree.

There will be no selfish scheming  
    When Truth shall come.  
There will be no fruitless dreaming,  
No seductive empty seeming,  
No deceit, nor disesteeming,  
    When Truth shall come.

Theories the wisps may take  
    When Truth shall come.  
Facts will base of action make,  
Facts—however tenets shake,  
Thrones decline, or altars break—  
Men will hold and ne'er forsake  
    When Truth shall come.

Wisdom, purity, and love,  
Every link of thought will prove,  
Every line of conduct move,  
As within the home above,  
    When Truth shall come.

And she's coming. E'en now, lo !

Yonder skies begin to glow.

Nay, 'tis not the boreal light

Streaming from its arctic height,

That were not so clear and white.

List ! O list ! A song ! A song

Thrills the track she sweeps along.

List ! The voice doth seem to say :

" Sons of earth, prepare the way,

I come !

Wreathe the laurel ! Bind the bay !

I come ! I come !

From the heights of peace supernal,

From the throne of the Eternal,

Downward where the earth's diurnal

Darkling walk is called a day —

Where a people grope in darkness,

Grope, and call their darkness day —

Lo, I come !

And my progress none can stay ;

Haste, O earth ! Prepare the way,

I come ! I come !

“O the urgency of the flight  
    As I come—  
From the empyrean height,  
Out of radiance into night,  
    Swiftly come!  
Downward, downward now I fly,  
Thinking soon I shall descry  
    In the gloom,  
Shadowings of that nether sky;  
And ten thousand voices cry  
Out of realms I'm sweeping by,  
'Ho! The dawn! The day is nigh!  
    Light is come!'

“Yonder ether's mazy beach  
Marks the bound man's thought may reach;  
    Haste my song!  
For that proves his planet near;  
Star and sun will soon appear,  
Then a noisome atmosphere  
    And narrow dome.  
Haste, O haste! my flight, my song—  
Earth has waited now too long—  
Reign of Error! Reign of Wrong!  
    I come! I come!”

XI.

OUR BANNER.

Sung by the Grammar School children of Monson,  
Mass., at the dedication of their flag, October 22,  
1892.

THIS shall be our song to-day —  
Our banner, the banner of freedom !  
This the note we 'll waft away —  
Our banner, the banner of freedom !  
Wake the music now and sing  
Till the answering echoes ring,  
As unto the breeze we fling  
Our banner, the banner of freedom !

Take it, ye glad winds of heaven —  
Our banner, the banner of freedom !  
To your hands is rightly given  
Our banner, the banner of freedom !

And proclaim where'er ye fly,  
'Neath the all-resounding sky,  
That ye bear with pride on high  
Our banner, the banner of freedom !

Greet it first, O sun, at morn—  
Our banner, the banner of freedom !  
And let thy last rays adorn  
Our banner, the banner of freedom !  
And ye stars that nightly rove  
The cerulean plains above,  
Guard these sister stars we love—  
Our banner, the banner of freedom !

Hail ! Ay, we will ever hail  
Our banner, the banner of freedom !  
O'er our grandest efforts nail  
Our banner, the banner of freedom !  
'Tis the flag our fathers brave  
Fought on many a field to save,  
Gallant flag ! forever wave—  
Our banner, the banner of freedom !





By Dr. J. P. W. **OUR NATIVE STATE.**

[Read at the Decennial Reunion of the New Hampshire Association, Worcester, Mass., February 12, 1889.]

**S**ONS and Daughters of New Hampshire,  
 We are gathered here to show  
 Homage to a common birthplace  
 And the days of long ago.  
 We were born where rugged mountains  
 In stupendous grandeur stand,  
 Taught the lessons of our childhood  
 From the book of nature grand.  
 So to-night we wander backward,  
 Through the scenes of youth elate,  
 To repeat the matchless glories  
 Of the grand old Granite State.

Others may have greener pastures,  
Broader wheat-fields, richer mines,  
Valleys decked in orange blossoms,  
Hillsides twined with budding vines ;  
For the pride of old New Hampshire,  
And the products of her ground,  
Are not corn and coal and cattle,  
Which in every State abound,  
But each rocky farm and hillside  
Is producing o'er and o'er  
Crops of noble men and women  
Nothing less, and — little more !

So, if I should ask the question,  
Which upon the streets is trite,  
“What’s the matter with New Hampshire ?”  
You would tell me, “She’s all right.”  
And she is. From every quarter  
Comes the proof of what I write —  
From her narrow belt of ocean,  
From her mountains capped in white,  
From the sacred spot where Webster  
First beheld the morning light,

Comes the answer, comes the echo,  
 "Old New Hampshire is all right."

Where are found such scenes of grandeur?  
 Look upon Franconia's height;  
 See the "Old Man of the Mountains"  
 Standing there in silent might,  
 Minding not the heat of summer,  
 Caring not for winter's night—  
 Symbol of New Hampshire's greatness;  
 Yes, "New Hampshire is all right."

Glad am I of such a birthplace,  
 Proud am I of such a state,  
 Rome upon her hills of glory  
 Never was more truly great.  
 Never Roman more exultant  
 O'er the spot that gave him birth,  
 Than am I that in New Hampshire  
 First I saw the light of earth.  
 And each rolling year increases  
 My devotion to that land,  
 Tints the memories of childhood  
 With a beauty truly grand,

Till the halls of recollection  
A full gallery appear,  
And no picture there so precious  
As thine own, New Hampshire dear.  
O New Hampshire, we extol thee !  
Grandest, noblest, dearest State ;  
Well may all thy children call thee  
Queen among the thirty-eight !

XIII.

ODE.

Sung at a dinner of The Sons and Daughters of  
New Hampshire, Worcester, Mass., February 11,  
1892.

THOUGH forth from the home of our youth  
    we may wander,  
Far, far from the haunts of its innocent glee,  
Though hopes we may shatter, and precious  
    years squander,  
O Mother, New Hampshire! we'll still think  
    of thee;  
Of thee, Old New Hampshire!  
We'll still think of thee.

But should a kind Providence bless each en-  
    deavor,  
And prosper our labors on land and on sea,

No lurements of riches or kindred shall sever  
Our hearts' best affection, New Hampshire,  
from thee ;  
From thee, Old New Hampshire !  
New Hampshire, from thee.

Home, home is the spot that we first loved and  
cherished,  
The place of our childhood, where'er it may be ;  
O tell us, no never, that first love has perished ;  
New Hampshire, our first love, our home is with  
thee ;  
With thee, Old New Hampshire !  
Our home is with thee.

As the heights first illumed by the sun in the  
morning  
Catch his last loving look as he sinks in the lea,  
So our hearts fondly turn at the chill of death's  
warning  
To thee, O New Hampshire !  
To slumber with thee ;  
With thee, Old New Hampshire !  
New Hampshire, with thee !

XIV.

AN INTERLUDE.

Read at a reunion of the students of Francestown Academy, August 19, 1896.

**H**OW like a panorama now we see  
Familiar things of youth and long ago,  
No later pictures bring to you or me  
Such wondrous tints as those we used to know.  
No hills so grand as youthful fancies paint ;  
No skies so fair as youth's cerulean blue ;  
No hearts so free from murmurous complaint ;  
No gems so bright as morning's sparkling dew!

So turn the dingy dial back  
Upon the clock, I say ;  
What's twenty years when past and gone?  
We all are young to-day.  
Yes, drop the irksome, thankless tasks

That crowd life's weary way,  
And breathe again the morning air—  
    We all are young to-day.  
Perhaps a few, a thoughtless few,  
Have wandered far astray—  
This joyful feast is spread for you,  
    You're welcome back to-day.  
And some there are, full well I know,  
Could titles proud display;  
Who cares for jots and titles here,  
    We're Jack and Joe to-day.  
So lay aside your common cant,  
Ye clergymen, I pray;  
You know we know as much as you,  
    Don't preach to us to-day.  
And lawyers' drop your bags of green,  
This court decrees you may;  
We're sitting now upon the bench,  
    Don't argue here to-day.  
And teachers, put your models, blocks,  
And musty books away,  
Come, see these "living pictures" here,  
    We're works of art to-day.  
And you electric-wire fiends,



That with the lightnings play—  
Don't shock our unsuspecting souls  
    With any "cells" to-day.  
And farmers dear, we hope at least  
You've made the business pay,  
But don't pervert this sacred feast  
    With "phosphates" here to-day.  
And business men, as well beware!  
"The times are hard," you say,  
The "gold-bug" beats the empty air,  
    Don't talk finance to-day.  
And spinsters fair and free forget  
Your wheels and bloomers gay,  
The winsome leap-year lingers yet—  
    There's hope for you to-day.  
And mothers with your downy broods  
Of little ones at play—  
Don't talk of countless patent foods  
    And baby clothes to-day.  
And doctors, take the gentle dose  
To others you convey—  
Don't smirk around for patients here,  
    We all are well to-day.  
Yes, teachers dear and schoolmates all,

The piercing *Roentgen* ray  
Shows every throbbing heart in place,  
We all are young to-day.

O what is life? To be a babe  
Upon a mother's breast  
Content with simplest wants supplied,—  
To breathe, to feed, to rest.  
And then, a child with curious touch  
And eager wondering eyes  
That seeks to solve the bit of world  
Which round about it lies.  
And then, a little one at school  
With books and toys a store  
Who feels within an easy reach  
The sum of human lore.  
And then, a dreamful gushing youth  
Whose conscious blush betrays  
The golden thread of love that runs  
Throughout life's tangled maze.  
And then, the husband, or the bride,  
By sweet illusion blest,  
Each to the other's life allied  
Divinest, dearest, best.

And then, the father, mother-heart  
One joyful burden bear,  
To guard and keep the precious trust  
Committed to their care.  
And then — perhaps a tiny grave,  
Perhaps the mourning mate  
Of one whose light went out at noon  
And left day desolate.  
Perhaps the sheens of summer wear  
The blight of autumn now,  
And lines of sorrow and of care  
Have aged the youthful brow.  
And when we think of pleasure  
The mind instinctive turns  
To youth's enchanted gardens  
Where still its altar burns;  
And memories like incense  
Fill all that sacred spot —  
Entranced we stand in silence,  
The present lost in thought.

And what's ahead? We know not,  
We cannot even see  
The pathway down life's sure decline

Unto the western lea.  
And what about the country  
Beyond the sunset gates,  
Whose glimmers tint with glory  
The cloud that overwaits?  
We know not yet. We know not ;  
But who can now unfold  
The mystery of *life* to which  
We cling with frantic hold?  
Who knows the subtle essence  
Of vital forms we meet?  
And yet to all creation  
This mystery is sweet.  
And so, perhaps, in some way,  
Though only God knows how,  
The mystery of death may be  
As sweet as living now ;  
Or may be the Creator  
For us has deemed it best  
To crown his benefactions  
With an eternal rest.  
Instinctively we reason,  
Since life to all is sweet,  
The state toward which we journey

Must be a sequence meet.  
And so, we wait in silence,  
Nor seek to know our lot,  
Content to trust the future  
With Him who changeth not.

My task is done. The curtain drops.  
Turn on the lights, I pray,  
Let each assume his wonted rôle  
Before we leave to-day.  
We've played our parts so many years  
We somehow seem to be  
Grown into them till each has lost  
His own identity.  
Of course it seems the veriest farce  
That lads we used to know  
Should go parading round the world  
A-duping people so.  
That some should play at farming,  
And some at keeping store;  
That some should pound the anvil,  
And some should smelt the ore;  
That some should fill prescriptions,  
And some should run our mills,

And some insure our houses,  
And some should peddle pills;  
That some should fire engines,  
And some report the news,  
And some should stand in pulpits,  
And some in teacher's shoes;  
That some should play with lightnings,  
And some with dental drills;  
That some should probe our vitals,  
And some should probate wills;  
That some should sample products  
And carry them around,  
And some embalm our bodies  
And lay them in the ground.

And girls! *you* can't be mothers!  
But, when I take a view  
Of faces pressed against your own,  
I rather think 'tis true.  
And boys, just watch the little lads  
Who strut around at play  
With all the airs you once possessed—  
Where did they get them, pray?  
Yes, blood will tell. You can't deny

Your children if you would,  
You know the pride a father feels,  
The joy of motherhood.  
You know the truth. Life is no dream.  
The miracle of birth  
Is still a part of Nature's plan  
To carry on the earth.  
And so to some the sacred tie  
Of parentage is given,  
And so the home embodies all  
Our fondest hopes of Heaven.  
What is life's end, but labor?  
Success, but duty done?  
Religion, but forgetfulness  
Of self for every one?  
What's serving God, but serving man?  
And faith, but courage true?  
And prayer, but firm endeavor  
With noble ends in view?  
What's living long, but living well?  
Death, but transition meet?  
And heaven, but the sure reward  
That crowns a life complete?

And now a sudden change comes o'er  
The doubting of my dreams,  
Between two mystic worlds I stand  
Nor either real seems ;  
The one contains a struggling group,  
As now I see you here,  
With faces lined with sorrow, care,  
And many an anxious fear ;  
While just upon the other side  
Of a mysterious gate,  
Another shadowy group I see  
In rapt attention wait.  
With noiseless step they move about,  
As phantoms come and go,  
And here and there amid the throng  
Are faces that we know.  
They listen to our welcomes glad,  
They watch our greetings here  
And with the sympathy of love  
Are pressing strangely near.  
And see ! As each of us completes  
The work he has to do,  
The mystic gate in silence opes  
And gives an entrance through.



And so, ere long, we, one by one,  
Shall lay our tasks away  
To join that other joyous band  
In gladsome holiday.

## XV.

## PAT'S PHILOSOPHY.

OCH ! Kate, be yez croyin? Phwat, "Don't  
want ter live?"

Begorree ! I niver see sich  
A crathur as yez be. A man kin not tell  
Frim yer laugh an yer cry, which is which.  
Uv course by an by we mus all uv us die,  
But ye'd betther live on while ye kin ;  
For if ye should sthay till yer swate hair is gray,  
Ye'll be dead long enough, darlint, thin—  
Yis, long enough dead, darlint, thin !

An shure yez be toired a-worruckin roun,  
The young uns do bother ye so ;  
But there's no nater brats in the worrld to be  
foun  
Thin yer own, as ye virry will know ;

An ye can't over noight lave one outhen yer  
soight,

Nor thrust him ter comb his own hair,  
So ye'd betther take keer, an sthay awhile here,  
There'll be toime enough thin over there,  
Katie dear, yis, plenty er toime over there !

It's an illigant place on the hill, as ye say,  
Wid the crosses a-glamin so white,  
An the papele a-comin wid posies all day,  
An the whip-poor-wills callin at night ;  
But phwat'll ye care for the illigance there  
When ye're shlapin as hard as a bame,  
An meself cannot take ye an shake ye an  
wake ye,

In case ye should have a bad drame,  
Honey dear, in case ye should have a bad drame?

It's maybe yez thinkin about the foine ride  
Ye'll be havin' wid *coupé* and span,  
Yerself housened up like a princess inside,  
An on top er the kirridge a man !  
But I'll ax ye, dear Kate, if ye'd betther not  
wait

A wee bit afore sthartin the show?  
Ye kin ride in that hack (faith! an 't won't  
fetch ye back)

Whin there's no ither way ye kin go,  
Little pet, not one ither way ye kin go!

Be jabbers, ye'd betther be aisey awhile,  
An settle down wid us an sthay,  
Or Mary an Moike an the nabors will shmile  
Fer the wake they'll be havin that day!  
Besoides, ye don't know jist where ye might  
go—

Ye're fergittin the mate ye ate Lint—  
An ye can't shtan the shmell uv a match—  
very well,

So phwat would ye do if ye wint,  
Darlint, say, phwat would ye do if ye wint?

## XVI.

## THE OLD BACH.

**O** LUCKY is he,  
So jolly and free,  
Who never was ruled by a wife :  
He lives at his ease,  
Has no one to please,  
Is careless and happy through life.

No babies to hold,  
No beldam to scold,  
No servants to bother around ;  
He pays for his fare,  
Escapes from its care ;  
The happiest man to be found!

He plays the guitar, .  
He smokes his cigar

With feet on the back of a chair ;  
    Throws hat on the floor,  
    Leaves open the door,  
Tracks mud on the carpeted stair.

    He goes to the play,  
    And stops by the way,  
To take a hand round with a friend ;  
    Reels homeward at night,  
    And sings with delight,  
“ I’ve no jealous wife to offend ! ”

    For dresses and strings,  
    And bonnets and rings,  
No taxes are laid on his purse ;  
    No mother-in-law  
    To fill him with awe  
And make his calamities worse.

    Too valiant and brave  
    To live as a slave,  
All wiles of the siren he ’ll scorn ;  
    For love is a bane,  
    And marriage a chain,  
And husbands are — idiots born !

MORAL.

Young lovers, beware,  
Consider with care,  
Before you determine to wed ;  
Lest blinded by Fate  
You sorrow too late —  
Here's a tip for you boys—look ahead.

NEW YORK, 1881.

## XVII.

## THE SEKRET UV SUKCES.

Yer agoin out in the world, my boy,  
So lissen a bit ter me,  
I'll tell ye a rool that 'll help ye more  
Than enny ye iver see—  
I kant remember the words exact,  
But this is the since uv it, Jim,—  
*What ye want uv a feller ter du fur you*  
*You've gut fur ter du fur him.*

If iver ye'd borrer, ye've gut to lend  
With an open hand and free;  
If ye'd be befriended, ye must befriend  
Whenever the chance may be;  
For I tell ye naow, whereiver ye go—  
It's tru az the gospel, Jim—  
*If ye want a feller ter komerdate you*  
*You've gut ter komerdate him.*



Speak wel as ye kan uv yer feller man,  
 Or else du not speak at all ;  
 Don't think yer own varchews air ollus grate  
 An hizzen air ollus small ;  
 It don't kost nothin ter say a good word,  
 An peple all like it, Jim ;  
*If you want a feller ter speak wel uv you,*  
*You've gut ter speak wel uv him.*

In evry man's hart there's a tender spot,  
 An so, if ye want ter win im,  
 Jest giv it a poke with a word uv praise,  
 An dont say a thing agin im ;  
 No matter how little he liked ye wonst,  
 Yer jedgment will please him, Jim,  
*If ye want a feller ter presheate you,*  
*You've gut ter presheate him.*

Be tru ter the ones that konfide in you,  
 At evry time an place ;  
 An don't say a thing behind a man's back,  
 Ye would n't afore his face ;  
 When friends have forsook ye, an slander's tung  
 Is pinted agin ye, Jim,

*If ye want a feller ter be tru ter you,  
You've gut ter be tru ter him.*

There's no use a-livin onles ye have friends,  
For ye kant git on without um ;  
An the number ye have, on yerself depends  
An how ye behave about um ;  
If ye want ter be happy an prosprus tu,  
I'll give ye the sekret, Jim,—  
*What ye want uv a feller ter du fur you  
Stan reddy fur ter du fur him.*

XVIII.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Placed in Central Park, New York, January 22,  
1881.

'T IS done. The toilsome task is now complete.

The rule of mind o'er matter stands approved.  
Egypt, the storehouse of the ancient world,  
The source of wisdom and the home of art,  
Hath basely bartered off this priceless gem  
To deck Columbia's brow.

O Egypt fair !

No clouds obscure thy face from heavenly light ;  
Thy breast is bathed with waters from afar,  
And from its grateful surface springs the palm,  
While seas of golden grain wave in thy breath,—  
How couldst thou lie supinely in repose

When alien hands were tearing from thy heart  
This sacred stone?

O grand, majestic Nile !  
The arid sands thy royal fullness drink  
And lo, a garden springeth into view ;  
Fair on thy either bank the flowers stoop  
To kiss their own reflection from below,—  
O stricken Nile, was it for this that thou  
Didst leave the grandeur of thy mountain home,  
Thy lonely pathway wending to the deep,  
To see this milestone, which for ages long  
Had cheered thee on with salutations glad,  
Snatched rudely from thy side?

O Cleopatra,  
Of Egypt's rulers lovliest and last !  
By thee Rome's leader was a captive led  
And gave his life to share thy hapless fate.  
Thy kingdom is forever lost to thee ;  
And all thy noble lineage is dust.  
But now this monolith with quaint designs,  
Unknown to us, but known and read by thee,  
Stands safely guarded by thy jealous eye.  
Thou didst preserve it from a watery grave,  
Thyself directing at the helm the ship,

The gallant ship, that brought it safe to land.  
Still guard, O Spirit Queen, thy treasure hence,  
Should e'er Columbia, like Egypt, prove  
Unworthy of thy trust.

NEW YORK, January 23, 1881.

## XIX.

## THE PENNY-POST.

O PEACEFUL knight of modern birth,  
With weight of mail and coat of gray,  
How little can you know the worth  
Of all the matter you convey!  
The printed paper, early sent,  
With hasty glance we throw away,  
And yet its columns represent  
The toil of many every day.  
The countless advertisements too,  
That in our refuse basket lay,  
Were written with an end in view  
And cost—well, let the printers say.  
The hasty scrawl upon a card,  
Which tidings brings from far away,  
Is dearer than the wisest bard  
To waiters anxious from delay.

Those *billets-doux* may volumes mean,

Though not a word of love they say ;  
 For safe between the lines, I ween,  
 No tender message goes astray.  
 The budding poet sends his rhymes  
 For classic journals to display ;  
 You bring them back — as many times —  
 "Returned with thanks" is all they say.  
 And now an invitation neat  
 To wedding, social or *soirée* ;  
 Perchance a bill we pledged to meet  
 But small the chance for checks to pay.  
 Anon a letter draped in black  
 Brings news of one that's gone for aye, —  
 Good postman, take the message back !  
 My eyes are dim, — O read it, pray !

With throbbing hearts we welcome thee,  
 O somber knight in suit of gray !  
 Thy service, though it simple be,  
 Doth half the sum of life outweigh.  
 And so we ever watch and wait,  
 With curious haste each post survey,  
 Till Death appears before the gate  
 With summons brief — and we obey.

## XX.

## BELSHAZZAR.

(From the German of Heine.)

THE midnight hour is drawing on ;  
In calm repose lies Babylon,

Save from the castle of the king  
Comes forth the din of rioting,

For in that gorgeous palace hall  
Belshazzar holds high festival.

His courtiers there in glittering lines  
Applaud and quaff their sparkling wines,

And glasses clink, and nobles sing,  
In adulation to the king.



And as the wine more freely flows  
His face with fiery passion glows,

Until, by pride and madness driven,  
He dares revile the Lord of heaven,

And, midst his menials' wild acclaim,  
Boldly blasphemes Jehovah's name.

Obedient to the haughty king,  
His servants forth the vessels bring

Of gold and silver richly wrought,  
Aforetime from God's temple brought.

With wanton hand he snatches him  
A holy cup filled to the brim ;

And dashing it upon the hearth,  
Cries out in loud, imperious wrath,

“Jehovah's mandates I defy—  
The king of Babylon am I!”

This impious vaunt is scarce expressed  
When terror fills the royal breast.

The laugh has ceased. With bated breath  
All wait as at the hush of death ;

For look ! O look ! On yonder wall  
A mystic hand is seen to fall !

It writes, it writes in lines of light !  
And see ! It vanishes from sight !

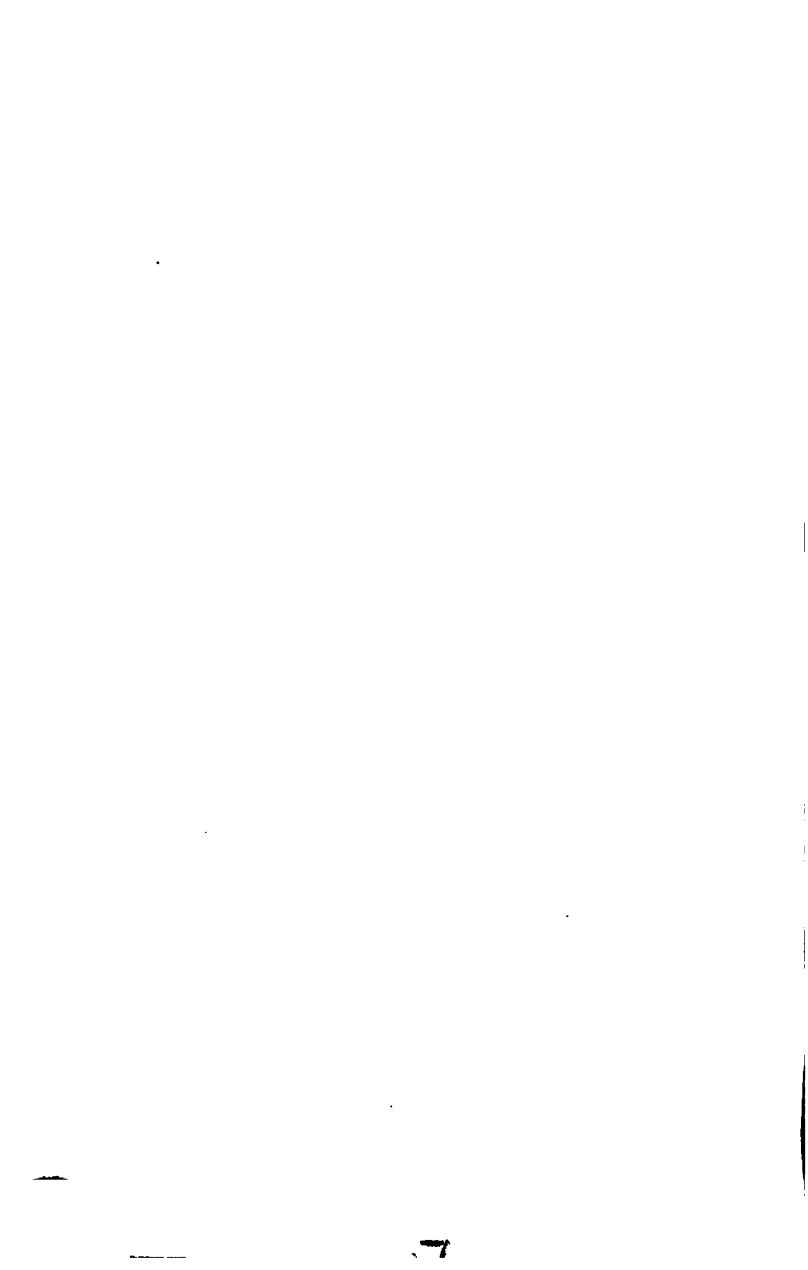
With quivering limbs and bloodless face  
The king stands gazing at the place.

His vassals, with amazement chill  
And speechless, wait their sovereign's will.

None of his wise men can declare  
The awful sentence written there,

And ere the morning dawns again,  
Belshazzar, the proud king, is slain.

**PART II.**  
**GLEANED FROM NATURE.**



## GLEAINED FROM NATURE.

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### I.

#### OUR WORLD.

OUR world is a mote in the sunbeams,  
And it circles and wheels in its play  
With the numberless boonful companions  
It meets on its mystical way ;  
It dives and it eddies among them,  
By the breath of Omnipotence whirled,  
Or floats in the boundless abysm —  
This infinitesimal world !

Our world is a mote in the sunbeams  
Despite all its boastful display  
Of rainbows, auroras, and sunsets,  
And mountains in regal array ;  
Despite all its great roaring oceans,

And thunder-storms' menacing glare,  
'Tis only a mote in the sunbeams,  
Adrift in obscurity there.

Our world is a mote in the sunbeams,  
And we, the frail dwellers thereon,  
Catch hardly a glimpse of its wonders  
Ere the light of our being is gone.  
At the few shining specks that flit by us  
We level our glasses with glee,  
And foolishly fancy we've fathomed  
Infinitude's vast mystery.

Our world is a mote in the sunbeams,  
Just one of the trillions unknown  
That sweep through the infinite spaces  
Like dust by a whirlwind up-blown ;  
One mote in the maze of creation !  
And since in the one we can see  
Such order and beauty and grandeur,  
What must the great universe be !

## II.

## MARCH.

**G**RIM monarch, last and worst  
Of winter's kings, we hate thy reign.  
To sit supreme and make display of despot  
power  
Upon a hapless world is thy delight.  
Thou blottest from the heavens the sun and  
fill'st  
The earth with howling fiends. The poor dost  
thou  
Despise, and sendest out thy imps with shout  
And scourge to drive them to their dens. Thou  
art  
Death's great ally. At thy command Disease  
Stalks forth, and where its victims flee dost  
thou  
Appoint a prison-house, and boltest it

With bars of steel. In vain sweet Mercy pleads ;  
Nor helpless infancy, nor tottering age  
Can move thy maddened heart. No voice of  
praise

Nor gladdening smile lights up the face of earth  
Whilst thou art king. The birds come not ; the  
blooms

Are dead ; the bees imprisoned in the cell ;  
And e'en the brooks, the sparkling songful  
brooks,

Lie strangled in their beds. O ghoulish glee,  
That gloats upon the graves of beauteousness  
And joy ! Gloat on, thy worst is done. E'en  
now

The scepter trembles in thy palsied palm.  
Lo, at the door benignant April waits  
To take the crown.



## III.

## MAYING.

AH! I've found you, pretty one,  
Creeping out to greet the sun  
From your frosty bed;  
I suppose you little thought  
That in this secluded spot  
You would be so early caught  
If you raised your head.

I'd been searching all the morn  
Under rock and sedge and thorn  
By the woodland far,  
When at last I chanced to think  
Of this stony brooklet's brink  
Where the willows stoop to drink,  
Lo, and here you are!

Here you are, each baby face  
Peeping out with witching grace  
From its cloak of green ;  
Precious blossom, don't you know  
Everybody loves you so  
That you ought to come and grow  
Where you can be seen ?

All the other flowers do,  
E'en the bashful violet blue  
Is not half so coy ;  
How the dandelions bright,  
Buttercups, and daisies white  
Flock out boldly into sight  
In their childlike joy !

How they play among the trees,  
Nodding to each passing breeze,  
Gazing at the sky !  
No aversion harbor they  
Toward the clearest light of day,  
And the most frequented way  
Finds them ever nigh ;

While you, lovelier than all,  
You, the first to hear the call  
Of the zephyrs low,  
In some lone, sequestered nook  
Hide away where none may look ;  
Only bird and bush and brook  
Half your sweetness know.

But we're told when you appear  
By a thousand voices clear  
Which had long been dumb ;  
Every tree-top since you came  
Has resounded with your name ;  
And the vocal pools proclaim,  
" Arbutus has come ! "

Blessed harbinger of spring,  
How can I fit praises sing  
To such faultless worth ?  
Fragrant as the breath of morn,  
Beauteous as rosy dawn,  
First of sun and shower born,  
Blushing star of earth !

Gentle teacher, unto me  
Lessons of humility  
And content impart —  
Lessons wherein I may trace  
Something of that winsome grace  
Which for you a welcome place  
Finds in every heart.

## IV.

## A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

I AM sitting here watching a merry-go-round,  
The grandest that ever was seen ;  
It centres in yonder horizon's dim bound,  
And it turns with a rush, and a rumbling sound  
As I gaze on its emerald sheen.

Come, tarry with me ; 't is a beautiful sight ;  
'T is nature's great gala display ;  
The orchards and groves wheel around in their  
flight,  
And flit past our faces like phantoms of light,  
Then circle away, and away.

The meadows are coming all bright with the  
bloom  
Of orchid, and iris, and rue ;

They fan us with breath of delicious perfume  
And hasten away, as if to make room  
For the hillsides appearing in view.

Ah ! there is a brooklet that fain would not go,  
And backward is striving to flee ;  
Like a serpent disabled by merciless blow,  
It winds its way slowly, and ever more slow,  
Till lost in the lake by the lea.

Yon husbandman, quite undisturbed by his ride,  
Plows on through the green, growing maize,  
While the bare-footed boy, on that old bay  
astride,  
Sits up like a prince in the pink of his pride,  
Returning our curious gaze.

And now a whole city comes thundering on  
With its mansions and monuments high ;  
A murmur of marts meets the ear and is gone,  
And see ! O the wonder,—to look out upon  
The dead in their graves rushing by !

Now faster, and faster, and faster it gains ;

Ho! Hear you that shriek of alarm?  
No, 'tis of delight at the speed it attains,  
See! The trees like wild horses are sweeping  
the plains,  
There 's not a suspicion of harm.

O a marvelous thing is this merry-go-round!  
Have you seen it? No? Hardly can guess  
What I mean? Well, indeed, it is easily found  
By just glancing out as you sit homeward bound  
Aboard of the lightning express.

## V.

## AT EVENTIDE.

PURPLE and crimson and scarlet and gold,  
Scarlet and crimson and gray—  
Trappings of glory the heavens unfold  
O'er the low-fallen monarch of day.

Azure and cloudlet and forest-height dim,  
Ocean and mountain and sky,  
Drinking the wine of remembrance to him  
Who guards them no longer on high.

Hillside of verdure and valley of bloom,  
Where his late kisses have pressed,  
Dropping their tears in the gathering gloom  
At thought of the grave in the west.



O faithless earth ! Bid fears not annoy,  
Only a night-time, and then  
Brightness and beauty and pæans of joy  
Shall tell of his coming again.

## VI.

## THE GRANITE HILLS.

Read at a dinner of The Sons and Daughters of  
New Hampshire, Worcester, Mass., Feb. 12, 1891.

LET us sing to-night of the Granite Hills  
That, since the dawn of time,  
Have borne aloft their regal forms  
In majesty sublime.  
The gales have swept their upturned brows,  
The thunders muttered by,  
But what are winds and storms to those  
Brave children of the sky?

They stand — the same old Granite Hills  
Which, when the world was young,  
Rolled back unto the morning stars  
The anthems they had sung ;  
Their roaring torrents rushed amain —

Their tuneful brooklets ran —  
To swell that universal strain  
From which all song began.

And they shall stand. The centuries  
Sweep lightly o'er their heads  
As rippling waves of summer streams  
Upon their pebbly beds ;  
And sylvan generations pass  
Through their appointed span  
As fleetingly as vernal grass  
Before the eyes of man.

Come, sing with me of the Granite Hills  
Whose domes and turrets white  
Rising above the shifting clouds  
Are bathed in crystal light ;  
Those palace towers the Northern Star  
Has chosen for his own,  
And midst their radiance afar  
Fixed his unchanging throne.

Before that throne the glittering hosts  
That throng the boundless blue,

At even-tide are marshaled forth  
To pass in grand review ;  
From unseen realms their cohorts bright  
Troop up the eastern sky  
And, circling round that central height,  
March on eternally.

O let us sing of the Granite Hills !  
No grander ever rose  
To meet the smiles of coming day  
Or wait the sun's repose ;  
No grander forests ever shook  
Their giant arms in air,  
Nor e'er sang sweeter bird or brook  
Than those that carol there.

Wild flowers clamber up those steeps  
And crowd the vales between,  
While lakelets from their glassy deeps  
Reflect to heaven the scene.  
The hunted doe for refuge seeks  
Those haunts of solitude,  
And on the jagged topmost peaks  
The eagle tends her brood.

Yes, let us sing of the Granite Hills,  
Built up that man might see  
How wonderfully near to heaven  
Our common earth may be—  
Built up to hold unceasingly,  
Before our human eyes,  
The grandeur, strength, and symmetry  
To which a soul may rise.

Among those ever-blessed heights  
Is many a sacred place,  
Which from our minds the busy years  
May nevermore efface :  
The old home standing on the hill  
Beneath the maple shade ;  
The school-house past the noisy mill  
Where we as children played ;

The village common, long ago  
The scene of bat and ball,  
Protected by a faithful row  
Of horse-sheds for a wall ;  
The meeting-house just farther out,  
To which we used to bring

Our "Watts' Select," and turn about  
To see the choir sing ;

And that long-hallowed spot beneath  
The church's sheltering brow,  
Where some who lived and toiled for us  
Are laid in slumber now,—  
Above their heads the willows wave,  
And staggering slabs of slate  
Record at every grassy grave  
A name,—an age,—a date.

God bless the dear old Granite Hills,  
And may they ever stand  
Fit symbol of the strength and hope  
Of all this favored land ;  
And may the sons and daughters born  
Among those summits fair  
Remember their high birth and scorn  
To bring dishonor there.

Be it remembered that for us  
Those changeless altars rise,  
And wait to bear our orisons

Like incense to the skies.  
From bourne to bourne, from pole to pole,  
Where'er our brothers dwell,  
Let pæans of devotion roll  
And hymns of homage swell.

Now let us raise the song again,  
And strike the music higher,  
Nor stay until its glad refrain  
Shall every soul inspire ;  
Let heart with heart in praises vie  
Until each bosom thrills  
With purposes as grandly high  
As those eternal hills !

## VII.

A RETROSPECT OF THE ROCKY  
MOUNTAINS.

**A**ND now look back whence we have come.  
O for a painter to portray the scene !  
First the foot-hills verdure-clad and beauteous  
with bloom ;  
And then the nearer mountains looking down  
on these like fond parents upon their  
children ;  
And then those patriarchal peaks towering  
majestically in the distance ;  
And then that mass of rolling, foaming, fleecy  
cloud, scarcely distinguishable from the  
hoary heads on which it rests, but rising  
above them, billow upon billow, until  
it veils the big sinking sun, which in  
turn transfixes it with light, and crowns



its every summit and all the mountain-tops beneath, with silver, and scarlet, and opal, and amethyst, and gold!

Glorious spectacle! Look on it if you can!

Tier upon tier, terrace above terrace, height beyond height—

A very stairway to heaven!

Look on it, O doubting soul!

Look! until your eyes, inured to glory, catch through the opening gates of sunset glimpses ineffable of the celestial country!

## VIII.

## CLEMATIS.

**L**IGHT and airy as a fairy  
Risest thou before my sight ;  
From the rocky roadside springing,  
To each bush and bramble clinging,  
Over all a mantle flinging  
Emerald and white.

No material so ethereal  
E'er was wrought of things below ;  
Wafted from some rare division  
Of the blooms of fields elysian,  
Comest thou, celestial vision,  
Garlanded with snow.

Every cluster adds a luster  
To what seemed supremely fair ;

Upward toward the skies inclining,  
All our baser thought refining,  
Myriad wreaths thou art entwining  
Bright as angels wear.

Softly creeping, gently sweeping,  
Over stone and hedge and tree,  
With whate'er thy hands are finding  
Beauty art thou interwinding,  
Friend and foe together binding  
In fraternity.

Lowliest places glow with graces  
Wheresoe'er thy tresses fall ;  
Prince and peasant pause to bless thee ;  
Breeze and bird and bee caress thee ;  
Flowers of every hue confess thee  
Queen among them all.

Heaven shall own thee, earth enthrone thee,  
Till the stars thy temples kiss,  
Goddess of the airs of morning,  
Fell and field and flood adorning,  
Recompense divinely scorning,  
Lovely Clematis !

## IX.

## THE MAPLE.

O COME, for the day is delaying  
To see what young Autumn has done,  
While his master-piece grand he's displaying  
To his critic, the all-seeing sun.  
Its green, and its gold, and its crimson,  
Its scarlet, and crimson, and gold,  
Together are blending  
In tints never ending,  
And harmonies rare to behold.

O come, for the breezes are blowing  
And tossing each flamelet in air ;  
All the gems of a monarch's bestowing  
Cannot with such brightness compare ;  
For oh ! it is touched with the morning,  
With the glintings of sunset it glows,

Every-leaflet aflame  
Puts all genius to shame  
And shadows the crown of the rose.

O put by your brushing and broiling,  
And throw down your hammers and spades;  
There'll be time enough left you for toiling  
When this bit of Paradise fades.  
O yes, there'll be time left for toiling —  
For toiling there always is time,  
Though in the transition  
Of glimpses elysian  
The soul misses all the sublime.

I have read a most marvelous story  
Of a country, in regions unknown,  
Wherein stands a city whose glory  
Is caught from the Infinite Throne —  
And a tree by the banks of a river,  
Which none but immortals may see, —  
I cannot tell how  
We can look on it now,  
But I'm certain that this is the tree !

## X.

## TO A WOUNDED THRUSH.

PITY on you, helpless thing,  
In my pathway fluttering—  
Bleeding breast, and broken wing,—  
Trembling with affright ;  
Cannot run and cannot fly,  
Cannot even voice a cry,  
Can but linger here—and die,  
In the storm to-night !

Scarce an hour ago your song,  
O'er the brooklet's rising strong,  
Thrilled me as I passed along  
Through this woody way ;  
Scarce an hour ago your mate  
By the home-nest joyful sate  
Drinking in with soul elate  
Your enchanting lay.

Curséd be the heartless one  
 Who this cruel deed has done—  
 Curséd while the morning sun  
     Earth with gladness wreathes !  
 May no song-bird evermore  
 Build its nest beside his door,  
 Nor its wealth of joyance pour  
     On the air he breathes !

Gentle singer, sure am I  
 From distress you soon will fly  
 Unto groves beyond the sky,  
     Far from cruel men ;  
 You will bide with birds and flowers  
 Of the amaranthine bowers,  
 Singing all the golden hours  
     Your old song again !

## XI.

## FALLING LEAVES.

THEY are dropping—slowly dropping,  
Embers from the flaming trees;  
All their radiance and splendor,  
Kindled by the sunshine tender,  
To the earth they now surrender  
And the wayward breeze.

They are coming—swiftly coming,  
Amber, amethyst, and pearl;  
With the ties of nature riven,  
Tempest-tossed and madly driven,  
Flashing luster back to heaven  
In their giddy whirl.

They are flitting—gayly flitting,  
Fledglings of autumnal light;



From their lofty perches straying,  
With each passing zephyr playing,  
Bough and bush the course delaying  
Of their final flight.

They are hovering—gently hovering,  
Over vale and rugged steep ;  
Covering o'er the bloom-lit spaces  
Which the early frost defaces,  
Mantling tenderly the places  
Where our loved ones sleep.

Yes, they 're falling—sadly falling,  
Russet, crimson, gold and gray ;  
Beauteous millions headlong flying,  
With the winds' discordant sighing,  
At our feet ignobly lying,  
Waiting dread decay.

They are teaching—fitly teaching,  
That which gladdens—that which grieves:  
There is naught of earth abiding ;  
But, behind all nature hiding,  
Is a Hand our footsteps guiding  
And the falling leaves.

## XII.

## HAZEL BLOOM.

BLOOM of the frosty light  
    Spangling with color bright  
    Woodside and glen,  
Thrice glad thy coming here  
Now all the earth is drear—  
Child of the dying year,  
    Welcome again.

No sister blossoms sweet  
Linger thy steps to greet,  
    Thy charms to learn;  
Sere all the hillsides lie,  
Songless the woodland nigh,  
Only the streams and sky  
    Hail thy return.

Symbol of hope art thou  
Unto each leafless bough,  
    Each silent grove ;  
For in thy stellar rays  
Gleams pledge of vernal days,  
Sunshine and songs of praise,  
    Gladness and love.

## XIII.

## HARVEST HYMN.

**S**HEAF and shock in garnered store,  
Brimming bin and bounteous board  
Mind us of the ceaseless care  
Of the ever-mindful Lord.  
For these tokens of his love  
Lift a song, ye sons of men,  
Waft it to the worlds above—  
God has blest the earth again !

Stay, ye warblers of the wood,  
Stay, O stay your southward flight  
Till in one glad hymn of praise  
All our voices may unite ;  
O'er and o'er this carol meet  
Let the grove, the glade, the glen  
Echo—and the hills repeat—  
God has blest the earth again !

Publish it, ye wandering winds,  
Whatsoe'er the voice may be ;  
Roar it through the rocky gorge,  
Trill it from the trembling tree,  
Lisp it in the ear of night  
As ye trip along the plain,  
Shout it from each mountain height —  
God has blest the earth again !

Sing it, all ye blitheful brooks  
Gamboling down the hillsides free ;  
Sing it to the listening skies,  
Sing it to the answering sea,  
Thrill the ocean's thunderous roll  
With the burden of the strain  
Till it peals from pole to pole —  
God has blest the earth again !

Sing, yon sisterhood of stars,  
Ye, who chorused when the earth,  
Out of chaos dark and waste,  
Leaped to life in wondrous birth, —  
Sing it through the vast unknown,  
Wheresoe'er ye chanted then,  
Sing ye, circling round the Throne,  
God has blest the earth again !

## XIV.

## DECEMBER.

O COLD lies the snow in the dreary De-  
cember,  
And cold stands the oak on the mountain's  
bleak side, .  
But colder by far are the hopes I remember  
Which blossomed in beauty then faded and died.

The soft summer wind that caressed the green  
branches  
Till each leaf responded with musical tone,  
Was never more sweet than the dreams of my  
fancy ;  
But now they are vanished, those visions are  
flown.

The Ice-King descends in the dreary December,

His beard is the snow and the tempest his  
breath,  
He breathes—and the mountain lies shrouded  
and silent ;  
The laughing brook falters and stiffens in death.

The winds sweep the mountain in wild exulta-  
tion ;  
They howl through its forests with desolate  
moan ;  
With garlands of frost-work the Ice-King en-  
twines it  
And cries: "I am Winter and this is my  
throne."

[tion  
O bright were the buds of my youthful ambi-  
And full of glad promise was life's leafy day ;  
But the breath of the Ice-King has spoiled their  
fruition,  
The wild winds of winter are howling in May.

The flowers of hope I had cherished so fondly,  
Whose presence was beauty, whose breath was  
perfume,

Have fallen to earth like the leaves of the  
mountain,  
Like them to lie buried in darkness and gloom.

But spring shall return to the still shrouded  
mountain  
And melt the cold clutch of the Ice-King away ;  
Again shall its fountains be loosed from their  
fettters  
And orchards resound with the oriole's lay.

Again shall its forests be mantled with verdure ;  
Again its broad slopes wear a carpet of green ;  
Again the bright blossoms give promise of  
plenty,  
And provident squirrels at harvest be seen.

And is the Great Ruler of earth and the heavens  
Less mindful of mine to foster and shield,  
Shall the hopes He hath planted himself in my  
bosom  
Be sooner forgotten than grass of the field?

Forbid it and teach me this lesson to cherish,



When clouds hang above me and billows are  
nigh :

That hope, to the soul, is a pledge of fruition ;  
God's sure bow of promise in every dark sky.

## XV.

## LIFE IS A SKY.

O LIFE is a sky with its sunshine and  
shadow,  
Its canopied top with the stars peeping  
through,  
Its earth limitation, our little horizon ;  
But upward, forever, the limitless blue !

And life is a sky, a glimmer, a dawning,  
As Phœbus rolls up from the Orient main,  
A noontide of glory succeeding the morning,  
Then lengthening shadows and darkness  
again.

Ah ! life is a sky ; And now it is beaming  
With bright bows of promise and fostering  
care—

And now it is black save the grim lightnings  
gleaming  
On the wreck of its hopes in the gloom of  
despair.

Yes, life is a sky ; and the God who created  
Its numberless worlds through their cycles  
to run  
Is alike unto all of his creatures related —  
A glow-worm to him is as grand as a sun !

## XVI.

## MUSIC.

**W**HEN He who made the worlds would try  
device

By which to crown with joy the perfect plan,  
He swung far back the gates of Paradise  
And called his angel, Music, down to man.

And forth she came. Her beauteous sister,  
Light;

The first-born offspring of the radiant stars,  
Attended her in that primordial flight  
Till safe within the dim terrestrial bars.

At first she sought the ocean grand and deep,  
Which erstwhile had in silence lashed the  
shore ;

She bade its waves henceforth with cadence  
sweep,  
And chant in choral numbers evermore.

Then to the rivers, rivulets, and rills  
She taught the murmurous songs which they  
have sung,  
Laughing and leaping down their native hills,  
Or wandering through the vales, since earth  
was young.

Next mounted she on chariot of cloud ;  
Her steeds, the winds, she urged to madden-  
ing flight ;  
The dome above reverberated loud  
With tones sublime, and all was wrapped in  
night.

Anon her gleaming chariot-torches cleft  
The ebon shade below with noonday glare,  
But swift as thought evanishing, they left  
Their track engulfed in deeper darkness there.

Then liquid notes, like tongues of silver bells,

She scattered over mountains, lakes, and  
plains ;  
With wild crescendos swept the woody dells,  
Or waiting breathed in soft æolian strains.

The chorus ceased, and on the eastern sky  
The first faint flush of rosy morning lay,  
But yet no voice of happy minstrelsy  
Had e'er been found to greet the coming day.

Then summoned she the tribes of gladsome wing  
From forest, fell, and fen, afar and near,  
And taught them anthems at that hour to sing  
So long as stars should fade and dawns appear.

And then to man with admiration dumb  
She pitying stooped, and with divinest art  
Touched his mute lips, and bade him haste to  
come  
And bear in earth's new symphonies his part.

She gave to him the organ, harp, and lyre,  
The martial trumpet, drum, and clarion shrill,  
And every pipe and string which might inspire  
His hands to wake the woodland songs at will.

Then lingered she among the airs of even  
Until each leaflet learned to whisper low  
And send some message to the ear of heaven  
By every zephyr which might chance to blow.

And now 'twixt earth and amaranthine bowers  
She speeds her gladdening course from star  
to star,  
Hers are the hands by which this world of ours  
Is held in concord with the worlds afar.

## XVII.

## THE FIRE KING.

OH I am a king, though you think me a slave  
And fret me with warder and grate,  
And make me to live in dungeons that give  
No hint of my regal estate !

Though you drive me about with your dampers  
and draughts  
And smother my breath in a flue,  
And grudgingly dole me a pittance of coal  
As the world I encircle for you ;

Though you call me to lighten and warm your  
abodes,  
Your larders with viands to fill,  
To wake at the scratch of a lucifer match  
By day or by night at your will ;



I bid you beware,—though I servilely toil,  
I am never the serf that I seem,  
For mine is the sun, and the stars every one,  
And the skies where my thunderbolts gleam.

O who can depict my ecstatic delight,  
Or cope with my rollicking play,  
As I sweep the broad plain a forest to gain,  
And lick up the towns in my way !

When I waken in wrath from my cave in the  
earth  
The mountains portentously quake,  
The seas at the sight stagger back in affright  
And the islands stand dazed in their wake !

And man, braggart man, who calls himself lord  
Of earth and the measureless main,  
At the touch of my breath drops silent in death—  
Mere ashes to whiten the plain.

But boast, puny man, of your might while you  
can,  
Your slave will not always obey ;

Anon he will rise in revolt to the skies  
And the earth shall be melted away ;

And the heavens shall roll themselves back like  
a scroll,  
The stars shall like stubble consume,  
And firmaments shake with the thunders that  
wake  
When he shall his sceptre resume.

PART III.

MEDITATIVE AND REMINISCENT.



## MEDITATIVE AND REMINISCENT.

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### I.

#### IN MYSTERY.

SPEAK reverently of life. Thou knowest  
this :

'Tis light ; 'twas dark ; 'twill soon be dark  
again.

Thou knowest naught beyond. What forms,  
perchance,

Thou may'st have borne ; what worlds in-  
habited ;

What fancies entertained of life and truth,  
Of duty, origin and destiny,  
Before thou didst approach the mystic gate  
Of birth, thou hast forgot. No sight, no sound,  
No hint of knowledge gleaned from elsewhere

Canst thou recall to guide thy wanderings here.  
The dark ! the light ! and then the dark again !  
This seest thou ; this only canst thou know.

Speak reverently of death. It is the door  
Made for thy soul's escape, when flood, or flame,  
Or time's all devastating hand shall tear  
The temple down. It outward swings with ease.  
'Tis well it turns not back ; else might thy soul,  
Thy fond and foolish soul, retrace its steps  
And perish in the wreck. What memories  
Of here and now, what scars from deeds mis-  
done,

Or battles bravely fought, it hence shall bear,  
Thou canst not tell. This only dost thou know :  
It is the door through which thy soul must pass  
To meet the possibilities beyond.

II.

THE HONEST MAN.

HONOR the honest man. Earth rears but  
few.

Only at God's white forge are such souls  
wrought.

Rare honest man! His mind perchance sees  
truth

In different forms from thine, yet honor him.

Perchance his vision thy dim sight transcends,

And what to thee appears sublime and sure

As the eternal hills, to him is but

A bubble in the air. Perchance when thou

Hast found the crystal spring whereof he drinks,

Thou, too, wilt quaff, and own the light divine.

Honor the man who brooks no evil art,

No sham, no counterfeit; whose soul is pure

Within as fair without ; who humbly stands  
Before the searching gaze of earth and heaven  
For what he is ; whom angels guard and wait  
With eager eye the signal to convoy  
In safety to the skies ; who calm can face  
The awful front of death, but will not break  
His plighted troth with truth ; ay, honor him  
And thus ennoble thine own struggling soul.



III.

JUST ONE.

O BLESS the bright day  
 That brought you this way,  
 My rosy-cheeked lump of a girl,  
 With a cowlick right there  
 In the front of your hair,  
 Which your mother insists is a curl !  
 Just one year is done  
 And another begun —  
 Just one, little daughter, just one.

These wonder-lit eyes,  
 Painted after the skies,  
 Or the autumn fringed gentian bright,  
 Have seen come and go  
 Just one winter's snow  
 And one summer's daisies of white ;

One round of the risings  
And settings of sun —  
Just one, little daughter, just one.

Should these little hands fly  
As unceasingly  
Through life as they now are inclined,  
What a work they will do,  
As the world you go through,  
To help, or to hinder, mankind !  
One skein of the woof  
Of a life they have spun —  
Just one, little daughter, just one.

Who would venture to say  
Where these feet may yet stray  
As the seasons so swiftly speed by ;  
For they ran far away,  
Just one year to-day,  
From their home in the beautiful sky ?  
One mile in return  
They have already run —  
Just one, little daughter, just one.

You have turned just a leaf  
Of the gladness and grief  
Of the book of our common life,  
And the further you turn  
The more you will learn  
Of its trouble, and care, and strife ;  
A single leaf done,  
With blemishes none —  
Not one, little daughter, not one.

Oh, ye oncoming years,  
With your hopes and your fears,  
Be kind to our dear little one,  
And bring her not in  
More of sorrow or sin  
Than the one that is done ;  
For she's seen only one —  
Just one, little daughter, just one.

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## IV.

## SERENADE.

SLEEP, beloved, sleep !  
Guardian spirits vigil keep,—  
Faithful prayers for thee ascending,  
Friendly thoughts about thee blending,  
Over thee the heavens bending,—  
Sleep, beloved, sleep !

Sleep, beloved, sleep !  
O'er no past let memory weep ;  
Bid no anxious bodings borrow  
From a dim, uncertain morrow  
Anything of pain or sorrow ;  
Sleep, beloved, sleep !

Sleep, beloved, sleep !  
Trust thyself to slumbers deep ;

Slumber will to strength restore thee,  
 Strength will smooth the way before thee,  
 God's own stars are watching o'er thee,—  
 Sleep, beloved, sleep !

Sleep, beloved, sleep !  
 Softly now the shadows creep ;  
 May no troubled dreams o'ertake thee,  
 Nor night's peaceful calm forsake thee,  
 Till the songs of day awake thee ;  
 Sleep, beloved, sleep !

## V.

## HIS FIRST PAIR.

O dance ! my child, as well you may,  
And clap your little hands for joy  
We put you into pants to-day  
And now you are indeed a boy.

No master with his slaves around,  
No *valet* in a duke's employ,  
No minister on foreign ground  
Is half so proud as you, my boy !

Indeed, you hardly deign to see  
Your coat or ruffled Fauntleroy ;  
What trifles are these all to thee !  
But pants—yes, pants just take a boy !

See ! pockets in them, I declare !  
With room for every cherished toy ;

The treasures of a millionaire  
Are less than these to you, my boy.

Fine clothes can never make a man  
Though scores of tailors he employ ;  
But who—deny it if you can,—  
Who says that pants won't make a boy ?

So dance, my darling, while you may,  
And thus the blissful now enjoy ;  
These pants will soon be laid away,  
You cannot always be a boy.

This world you 'll find a hollow ball ;  
Its riches vanish, pleasures cloy ;  
Go suck the sweetness from them all,  
The best is still your own my boy !

## VI.

## OUR BIRTHDAY.

COME, my baby, just a moment,  
Leave a little while your play,  
Lay your head upon my shoulder ;  
You and I were born to-day.  
I, indeed, am looking backward  
Loath to let the old year go ;  
You, impatient for the future,  
Wonder why it comes so slow.

I was once a child like you, dear,  
Loved the things you love to-day ;  
Soon your silken locks will silver  
Just like mine with threads of gray.  
Both of us are helpless creatures  
Stranded on a rugged shore,  
Six-and-thirty years I've been here—  
You, my darling, only four.



Tell me, O ye wandering billows,       •  
 Of the one ye bore away,  
 Is she thinking, fondly thinking,  
 Of her little boy to-day?  
 Is she watching still his footsteps?  
 Tell, O tell me where, I pray;  
 For 't was long ago she left him,  
 Left her babe of four to-day.

So amid the gathering shadows  
 I am living memories o'er;  
 Birthdays once were bright and joyous,  
 Key to every magic store;  
 Now they find me looking backward,  
 Back through recollection's door;  
 Time, grim warder, heeds my password—  
*Open sesame*—no more.

See! The rogue with shout and laughter  
 Hurls his playthings round the floor!  
 Heaven protect and keep him ever  
 Pure and happy as at four.

## VII.

## FOR A GOLDEN WEDDING.

YOU have sometimes watched the forests  
Put on their garments bright  
Till they stood, as it were, transfigured  
In autumn's mellow light ;  
There were crimson and gold on hillside,  
And scarlet and gold in glen —  
The roses of June were hueless  
Compared to the glory then.

You have sometimes watched the sunset  
Light up the western skies  
Till vision of forms supernal  
Appeared to your mortal eyes ;  
There were radiant cloud-ships sailing  
Upon a sea of gold —  
Almost you could make the harbor  
And the City of Light behold.

Thus may benignant Heaven  
Crown each succeeding year  
With higher, holier pleasures  
Through all your sojourn here ;  
And be these blest illusions,  
So kindly sent to view,  
An earnest of the future  
That waits in store for you.

## VIII.

## A FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

**M**ORNING is beauteous, bright and gay,  
And noontide exults in power,  
But the golden glory that crowns the day  
Comes not till the sunset hour.

Spring-time with gladness her verdure weaves,  
And summer in bloom is dressed,  
But the autumn leaves and the harvest sheaves  
Are grander than all the rest.

And while the bosom with rapture thrills  
At thoughts of the morning bright,  
You are looking away to the western hills,  
And watching the gates of light.

While true to the heart fond memory fain  
Holds fast to the buds and bloom,

Your arms are filled with the golden grain  
Awaiting the harvest home.

May the Father grant that you long may wait  
The joy of the earth to share,  
Unparted go up to the heavenly gate,  
Together enter there.

## IX.

## TO WHITTIER.

(On reading his Life and Letters.)

O SPOTLESS soul, thy life was so divine,  
So hallowed every place became by thee,  
New England now is freedom's Palestine,  
Its every lake a blessed Galilee !

X.

MUSIC.

**C**HILD of the Morning Stars! Sister of  
Light!

Spirit of joy for worlds unnumbered given!  
She stoops to earth, in her all-conquering flight,  
And soars at will with captive souls to heaven.

## XI.

## FORGIVENESS.

[T is sweet to forgive. Hast thou proved it —  
The glad benediction that steals  
Through the heart by ingratitude wounded  
But which only benignity feels?  
Hast thou read the assurance eternal,  
Star-written all over the skies :  
“The being forgiven may perish,  
But the one that forgives never dies?”

It is grand to forgive. Hast thou felt it —  
The thrilling expansion of soul  
As it mounts like an eagle to regions  
Beyond every tempter's control?  
The sordid earth shriveled beneath thee  
Till it seemed, in the distance o'erpast,  
As harmless and inconsequential  
As an autumn leaf swept by the blast.



It is just to forgive. Thy offences  
Against the All-holy, All-true,  
Leave lenience toward thine offender  
The least pledge of penitence due.  
It is naught that thy spirit is shriven  
And suffered in safety to live ;  
The meagerest souls are forgiven,  
But only the God-like forgive.

It is time to forgive. Life is fleeting  
Too fast to be wasted in hate ;  
Opportunities yesterday slighted  
To-day are remembered too late.  
Revenge is the cry of perdition,  
Of soul degradation and loss ;  
Forgiveness, the watchword of heaven  
And its symbol on earth is the cross.

## XII.

## GRANDEUR.

THERE is grandeur in the mountains  
    Towering to the vaulted sky,  
Standing in majestic silence  
    As the restless clouds go by ;  
Grandeur as the purpling sunset  
    Its unstinted gold out-spreads  
Until diadems of opal  
    Burn upon their kingly heads.

There is grandeur in the ocean —  
    Grandeur in the rhythmic roar  
Of the monotonic measures  
    It is chanting evermore ;  
Grandeur in its mad endeavor  
    To o'er-leap its prison bars,  
Or to grasp and hold forever  
    In its arms the beaming stars.

There is grandeur in the heavens  
 When the world is wrapt in night,  
 And emblazoned hosts assembling  
 Throng the empyrean height ;  
 Grandeur as each radiant chieftain  
 Wheels his cohorts into view,  
 Marching with the mighty legions  
 On the boundless field of blue.

But the grandeur of the mountains,  
 And the grandeur of the sea,  
 And the grandeur of the heavens  
 Seem like nothing unto me  
 When I see a soul defying  
 Calumny's insidious breath,  
 Calmly on the truth relying  
 For defense in face of death.

## XIII.

## THANKSGIVING.

FOR another bounteous harvest  
Gathered in from hill and plain ;  
For the fruit of burdened orchards,  
And a wealth of golden grain ;  
For our flocks and herds home-turning ;  
For the treasures of the mine ;  
For the song of loom and hammer,—  
Praise, oh praise the Hand-Divine !

For the all-surrounding grandeur  
Of the seasons circling by,  
From the flower-flecked vales beneath us  
To the stars that gem the sky,  
From the first bird-note of spring-time  
Till the dark-robed, pensive pine  
Plains the winter's parting requiem,—  
Praise, oh praise the Hand Divine !

For the mountains, and the forests,  
And the brooklets bounding free ;  
For the rivers rolling seaward,  
And the great untiring sea ;  
For the sheen of dawn and sunset,  
And Jehovah's faithful sign  
Of remembrance on the storm-cloud,—  
Praise, oh praise the Hand Divine !

For the home, and for the home-land,  
Wherein fortune gave us birth ;  
For the Fatherhood of heaven,  
And the brotherhood of earth ;  
For our larger faith and freedom,  
And that sympathy benign  
Binding heart to heart forever,—  
Praise, oh praise the Hand Divine !

For the whisperings of angels  
Calling every struggling soul  
Unto heights whereon temptation  
Nevermore may gain control ;  
For the light that leads our spirits  
To the highest, holiest shrine,  
And for ladders stretching starward,—  
Praise, oh praise the Hand Divine !

## XIV.

## AT BETHLEHEM.

**L**ET us sing of the Babe that was born to-day  
Mid the mountains of old Judea,  
With only the shepherds and wandering flocks  
To welcome his coming there ;  
But the angels chorused it through the sky,  
And the stars to behold him ran,  
And one in its rapture lingered nigh  
To mark out the spot for man.

Oh, sing of the Babe that was born to-day,  
For the world had been wrapt in night,  
And the burdened and weary had lost their way  
And were groping in vain for light !  
But it came, O joy ! and with power to save ;  
It came by a manger given,  
And it banished forever the gloom of the grave  
And lighted the path to heaven.

Yes, sing of the Babe that was born to-day,  
 And earth take up the strain,  
 The wonderful strain of long ago,  
 That swept the star-lit plain.  
 "Glory to God," ye mountains, cry,  
 Till from their farthest shore  
 The deep-mouthed oceans make reply,  
 "Glory forevermore!"

[earth!"]

"And peace on earth." Aye! "Peace on  
 Above the clashing sword,  
 And shout and groan, in din of death,  
 Still let that voice be heard.  
 Sing on, glad angels! Shine, O star!  
 Nor dare your vigil cease  
 Till o'er the final field of war  
 Shall wave the palms of peace!

O kingly head, that found no rest  
 Save in a manger low!  
 O sinless head, whereon was pressed  
 The world's thorn-crown of woe!  
 Now wearest thou thy crown of light,  
 And brighter stars than gem

The amethystine arch of night  
Adorn that diadem.

And circling ages dim it not ;  
When every glittering crown  
And song of earth have been forgot,  
And thrones have crumbled down,  
One crown shall still resplendent gleam,  
One throne feel no decay,  
One song — the song at Bethlehem —  
Shall never die away.



XV.

AN EASTER THOUGHT.

**A**RISE, O Christ, arise !  
 The world has waited long  
 Beneath the unrelenting rod  
 Of ignorance and wrong ;  
 Arise, and let thy truth benign  
 Fill every land with light divine  
 And every soul with song.

Arise, O Christ, arise !  
 In arms the nations stand  
 Ready to close in deadly strife  
 At tyranny's command ;  
 Their ironclads in grim array  
 Defiantly invite affray  
 By every sobbing strand.

Arise, O Christ, arise !  
Behold the suffering poor ;  
Lo, Dives banquets as of old  
With Lazarus at the door ;  
That one may sport in purple dress  
Ten thousand toil in wretchedness,  
Ten thousand want endure.

Arise, O Christ, arise  
And bid oppression cease !  
Let the imperious eagle die,  
The blessed dove increase  
That she may bring to struggling men,  
O'er all the waste of earth again,  
The olive branch of peace.

XVI.

LIBERTY.

BEST of man's possessions here,  
Guarded most with jealous fear,  
Dear to all, supremely dear,  
Is liberty.

Wealth may wait in rich array,  
Love its magic charms display,  
Fame invite the soul away  
From liberty ;

Man will spurn them all, and dare  
Destitution and despair  
Rather than the shackles wear  
Of slavery.

Freedom ! List the clarion cry !  
Hark ! The echoing hills reply,  
"Name him not who would not die  
For liberty."

Let the tide of battle pour,  
Let the awful cannon roar,  
Lay the dead at every door  
For liberty !

XVII.

DECORATION DAY.

NOT for the dead alone this day we cherish ;  
 For all our brave deserve as well  
 As those who in the conflict fell,—  
 Each risked his all,—no one could tell  
 Which was to perish.

Not for the dead alone we bring these flowers ;  
 But for their parents bowed with years,  
 Their children whom this day endears,  
 For wives and sisters yet in tears —  
 Their griefs are ours.

Not for the dead alone these ensigns gory ;  
 But to impress on every eye  
 At what a cost we still may fly  
 That fabric fashioned from the sky —  
 Our nation's glory !

Not for the dead alone the drums are beating ;  
But listening ears shall catch the strain  
And comrades join the sad refrain  
Till heart to heart shall beat again  
In solemn greeting.

Not for the dead alone commemoration ;  
But that our sons be taught to-day  
The price their fathers had to pay  
To keep and unto them convey  
This mighty nation.

Not for the dead alone — Ah ! truly not ;  
But for an object lesson grand  
That all the world may understand  
The valiant saviours of this land  
Are not forgot !

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XVIII.

ADORATION.

ETERNAL One, whose all-controlling power  
Pervades immensity, whose hands brought  
forth

The countless worlds that roll above our heads  
And caused this changeful sphere, whereon we  
dwell,

To thrill with life and love — for Thee we call.  
Where art Thou? Whither in all thy vast  
domain,

Earth, ocean, air, or boundless space beyond,  
Shall we direct our cry? Where is thy home?  
We look around, above, below, on all  
Thy marvelous handiwork, but see Thee not.  
We call and, listening, wait. The friendly hills  
Repeat unto the skies our cry, but comes  
No answering voice save the low-sighing wind,

The whispering leaf, the murmuring brook.

Unseen,

Unheard, unknown, excepting to the soul's  
Quick sense, we worship Thee.

Nor can we less ;

For lo, the very grass which clothes the hills,  
The beauteous blooms that star the vales be-  
tween,

The blitheful birds, thy choristers of joy,  
The golden sunshine and the gentle rain  
Evince thy kindly care. While clearer yet  
The forests grand that girt the mountains round,  
The mountains crystal-crowned among the  
clouds,

The mighty deep forever struggling on  
In frantic effort to o'erleap its bounds,  
The earthquake, lightning-flash and meteor  
Proclaim thy majesty.

Thou changest not.

Before thy sight the myriad tribes of earth,  
Like shadowy forms upon the canvas thrown,  
Appear and fade away. The earth itself



Grows old, and soon to other worlds will yield  
 Its place, which in their turn, for a brief hour,  
 Successively will claim thy guardian care,  
 Will feel the warmth, the quickening thrill of  
 life,

Beneath the kisses of some glowing sun,  
 Then, like their predecessors, disappear  
 And mingle with the unreturning past.

Spirit Omnipotent, we know Thee not ;  
 Yet to each finite mind dost Thou appear  
 According to the measure of its power.  
 Eternity, that term by man devised  
 To span his utmost stretch of thought, suggests  
 But faintly unto him thine endless days.  
 Infinitude, the star-filled space past whose  
 Domain imagination may not sweep,  
 Is lost among the millions like itself  
 In thy illimitable realm.

We know Thee not. Yet all the mind can grasp  
 Of goodness, greatness, wisdom, love and power,  
 It groups in personality supreme  
 And calls it God. All that the soul can dream

Of fadeless glory and unending joy  
It pictures to itself as Thine abode  
And calls it heaven. With all the heart can  
feel

Of self-forgetting loyalty and love,  
Of sweet devotion, and unfaltering trust,  
It peoples that glad place with beings pure  
And calls them spirits ministrant. With all  
The strength of heart and mind and soul, with  
all

The earnestness of conscious need, we lift  
Our struggling hopes to that Supremest  
Thought,  
And call it prayer.

O what is man that he  
Should boldly dare dictate to Deity,  
Or blind suggestions proffer unto Him  
Who made the perfect plan? O what is man?  
A ray shot forth from the Eternal Light,  
Which, parted from its origin divine,  
Contents alone an instant with the dark  
And disappears. And what is life? A breath,  
A conscious glance between two unexplored

Eternities. A flash which cleaves the night  
 To give us glimpses of thy marvelous works,  
 And of the operations of those laws,  
 Which, acting now, were acting ere the dawn  
 Of time, and shall immutably go on  
 Till, world by world, the universe has rolled  
 Itself away, and been resolved to naught.  
 O wondrous laws ! incomprehensible,  
 Eternal, infinite ! Inscribed above  
 On every star and on each crystal drop  
 Of dew that gems the morn ! O wondrous care,  
 Which guides unerringly the flight of worlds,  
 And heeds with equal thought a sparrow's fall !

O for a deeper sight, a broader view,  
 For clearer light by which the eye may pierce  
 The pathless realms that wait on every hand !  
 O for more time to slake this feverish thirst  
 Of soul—more time to watch, and strive, and  
 learn—

To delve into the secret vaults of earth,  
 To rend the rocks and read the records there  
 Writ by the Hand Divine before the eye  
 Of man had been contrived ; to penetrate

The silent dome of night and tidings bring  
From every circling star ; to break the seals  
Wherein are hid the mysteries of life,  
And comprehend the subtle alchemy  
By which the same kind earth and fostering sun  
Bring forth alike the upas and the palm ;  
To understand the dawnings of the mind,  
And where are forged those links of matchless  
                  strength  
By which one heart is to another bound,  
Which time, nor space, nor circumstance can  
                  change,  
Which span the grave and bid us hope that there  
The spirit, like a bird set free, may joy  
To mount above its limitations here  
And find, mid life ineffable, the loved  
And lost of earth !

                  O rapturous thought that yet  
For us there may be time that ceases not ;  
For us the wonders of the realms invisible ;  
For us to gather up the broken strands  
Of hope, and with each faculty of soul  
Exalted to the height of spirit sense,

Behold the doubts and mysteries of earth  
Dissolve like darkness at the touch of day,  
And trace, with reverent gratitude for all,  
Our origin and destiny, O Thou  
Omniscient, all-sustaining One, to Thee !

## XIX.

## A TRIBUTE.

**M**Y aged friend, the years have come and gone  
Till now the hundredth stands before thy  
door.

O bid him in, nor let him hasten on ;  
A welcome waits, please God, for many more !

They throng thee now, since thou so much hast  
done

To bless the pilgrim years gone on before.  
Beggars they come ; thou greetest every one  
As if he were a king and purple wore.

I see them — lo ! a long line stretching on  
Into the shadowy distance of the past ;  
Each bears some cherished work thy hands have  
done,  
Some gracious message treasured to the last.

Thus do they honor thee. Nor less than they  
 Would we in turn our glad devotion prove ;  
 Thy faithfulness our hearts would fain repay  
 In filial care, and sympathy, and love.

'T were joy to live, like thee, endeared to all ;  
 To walk unscathed howe'er hate's shafts are  
 hurled ;  
 To feel upon one's silvered temples fall  
 The benedictions of a grateful world.

'T were joy to trust, like thee, the Hand Su-  
 preme ;  
 'T will hold thee in its love forevermore ;  
 Thy feet shall scarcely brush the mystic stream  
 Whose waters lave the amaranthine shore.

## XX.

## FRIENDSHIP.

FLESH cannot always bide the stress of years.  
Howe'er delayed, the call  
That summons souls of earth to unknown  
spheres  
Will come to all.

The mighty oak, whose roots have grappled fast  
The mountain's base below,  
Whose branches bid defiance to the blast,  
Must yet lie low.

The eternal hills, upon whose heights sublime  
Unceasing sunsets play,  
Are only foam-capped waves the breath of time  
Will sweep away.

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Friendship shall still endure. This cannot die ;  
For 't is a thing divine,—  
And it will glow when e'en the stars on high  
Forget to shine !

## XXI.

## A SAINTED MOTHER.

REST, weary one, thy tasks are done ;  
Life's work, long since so well begun,  
Is now complete ;  
Rest, over-toiling hand and brain,  
Rest, faithful heart, from care and pain,  
Rest, willing feet.

How swift the days of life flit by !  
How soon the shades of death draw nigh  
Which none may flee !  
The longest lives so quickly glide  
They're but a point when viewed beside  
Eternity.

O Thou who wast her only stay  
And guide through earth's uncertain way  
To realms above,

Show now unto her loved ones here,  
To whom the world looks dark and drear,  
Thy mother-love.

Teach them Thy guardian tenderness,  
Which yearns their aching hearts to bless,  
So freely given,  
That e'en in sorrow they may trace  
The benedictions of Thy grace,  
As sweet as heaven.

And may her footprints glowing bright  
Point out, like indices of light,  
The heavenward way,  
To guide each dear one, till at last  
They all have reached and safely passed  
The Gates of Day.

## XXII.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Read at the Memorial Service of Dr. D. B. W.,  
Worcester, Mass., May 8, 1895.

THIS hour is sacred time.  
From devious ways we gather here  
To lay our garlands on the bier  
Of one we love ; and drop the tear  
Of sympathy with all who hold him dear,—  
'T is sacred time.

O Death ! Mysterious Death !  
Thy legions liveried in white  
Elude all stress of mortal sight ;  
We cannot trace the spirit's flight,  
Nor guess what visions may beset the night,  
Mysterious Death !

O Death ! Revengeful Death !  
 Methinks it was that thou didst see  
 Our friend a fearless enemy,  
 Who oft, so oft, had baffled thee  
 That now his fall thou gloatest o'er with glee,  
 Revengeful Death !

But, Death, thy work is done.  
 Thou canst not mar his spotless name,  
 Nor seize his meed of honest fame,  
 Nor track the soul's immortal flame  
 Back to the Sun Eternal, whence it came,—  
 Thy work is done.

And yet, perchance, 't was kind ;  
 For it hath set him free to share  
 Immunity from every care,  
 And pain, and loss which mortals bear—  
 Free, like the stars, in God's supernal air—  
 Perchance 't was kind.

But, oh ! we miss him here.  
 The years will circle on apace,  
 But one familiar voice, and face

Bright with benignity and grace,  
Greet us no more from his accustomed place ;  
We miss him here.

Dear friend ! we'll not forget.  
There was so much of the divine  
Commingle with this dust of thine  
That e'en its resting place benign  
Doth now become faith's well-befitting shrine ;  
We'll not forget.

Live on, O loyal heart !  
Thy friends will never let thee die  
While love retaineth memory ;  
Virtue is heir to earth and sky,  
And lo ! she pledgeth immortality ;  
Brave soul, live on !

And we shall meet again.  
Silently journeying, one by one,  
After the labors of day are done,  
We'll meet thee at the setting sun.  
Be there, O friend, as wide its gates are flung,—  
We'll meet again.

XXIII.

MY BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

OH ! how can I leave thee, my beautiful dead,  
 Pillowed so sweetly there  
 In the midst of the luster and fragrance shed  
 By blossoms fresh and fair?  
 The brightest of buds, and the best perfumed,  
 Are fittest to grace thy brow ;  
 For the sweetest flower that ever bloomed  
 Is the one they garland now.

How can I spare thee, my beautiful dead,  
 Life's labors just begun,  
 And time had not yet a silvery thread  
 In thy dark tresses spun?  
 The roses of youth, in thy face, I see  
 Now changed to lilies white,

And the fallen lashes have hid from me  
Their gems of loving light.

How can I live when my beautiful dead  
Is borne from sight away —  
When the last, sad, comfortless words are said  
Over this lifeless clay?  
The long, lone years through their cycles will  
run,  
But life will be incomplete ;  
For the wide world holds not another one  
So loyal, and pure, and sweet.

O spirit blest, of my beautiful dead,  
Linger in pity here,  
That my soul may feel, in the gloom ahead,  
Thy precious presence near !  
Hast thou found a country where pleasures  
sweet  
Have permanent abode,  
O lead, through the dark, my faltering feet  
To find its starlit road !



XXIV.

GETHSEMANE.

**A**LONE in the garden, alone!  
 So suffered the Christ in his woe,  
 And so unto all  
 Comes the ultimate call  
 Like him in the garden to go.

Alone in the garden, alone!  
 Like him we may struggle and pray  
 For help and relief  
 From our imminent grief,—  
 Grief ne'er to be taken away.

Alone in the garden, alone !  
 The world is impatient to share  
 Our pleasure and ease ;  
 But nobody sees  
 The thorns in the crown that we wear.

Alone in the garden, alone!  
We clasp our heart's treasures to-day,  
To-morrow bereft,  
In loneliness left,  
Those treasures are taken away.

Alone in the garden, alone !  
Kind friends may our sorrows deplore —  
Their tears are in vain  
The losses remain,  
No pity can ever restore.

Alone in the garden, alone!  
The cross and the tomb just ahead,  
And each must respond  
To the summons beyond—  
No other can go in his stead.

Alone in the garden, alone!  
So help us at last to be brave,  
For the mightiest shrink  
At eternity's brink,  
And pale at its portal—the grave.

XXV.

SLEEP.

“ 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.”

STILL, we linger on,  
Only God knows why ;  
Who, when hope is gone,  
Has not longed to die?  
Who would tarry here,  
Tarry but to weep,  
When retreat is near,  
Beckoning to sleep?

Life is trial sore,  
Trial old and new ;  
Death, a friendly door  
Opening to view.  
He who lives endures

Sorrow, want, and pain ;  
He who dies insures  
Rest — immortal gain.

Like a tired child,  
On its mother's breast,  
Never reconciled  
Unto needful rest,  
So we fret the day  
Kindly shadows creep—  
Fret—and drop away  
Into dreamless sleep.

XXVI.

UNDER THE SNOW.

**U**NDER the snow the flowers are sleeping,  
 Wrapt snugly up in their coverlet warm,  
 Vainly above them the wild winds are sweeping,  
 Vain the rude threats of the tempest and storm ;  
 Dropt are their dresses of emerald brightness,  
 Doffed the bright mantles the summer times  
     bring,  
 Sweetly they rest 'neath the sheltering white-  
     ness  
 Waiting the call of the zephyrs of spring.

Under the snow the brooklets are flowing,  
 Murmuring ever in soft, muffled tones,  
 Steadily on to the great ocean going,  
 Ice-bound and jostled o'er pitfalls and stones ;

Gone are the flowers that blushed at their  
coming,  
Gone the glad birds that delighted the way,  
Blindly they grope through their dark channels  
humming  
Plaintive appeals for the sunlight of day.

Under the snow, and under the flowers,  
Down where the tireless rivulets glide,  
Slumber in silence those loved ones of ours,  
Waiting for us to lie down by their side ;  
Closed are the eyes which once thrilled us with  
pleasure,  
Mute the pale lips we have fervently pressed,  
Folded the hands—they have finished their labor,  
Journeys ended, the weary feet rest.

Under the snow—O wonderful slumber !  
Parents and children in peaceful repose,  
Brothers and sisters, and friends without number,  
Waiting some signal which God only knows.  
Wonderful shelter the sleepers are sharing,  
Fashioned far up on the looms of the sky,  
White as the raiment the angels are wearing,  
Pure as the souls of the blessed on high !

XXVII.

RELIEF.

WHY dread the grave? The setting sun,  
 Delighted that his course is run,  
 Smiles from the west,  
 And gilding all the cloud-flecked height  
 With matchless tints of rosy light,  
 He draws the curtains of the night  
 And seeks his rest.

Why dread the grave? The lingering leaf  
 Of autumn shows no sign of grief  
 That it must fall.  
 But flitting, dancing, eddying round,  
 Responsive to each joyful sound,  
 It finds at last upon the ground  
 The goal of all.

Why dread the grave? Is life so dear  
That thou wouldst always linger here  
    Oppressed with care,  
When just within a sheltering door  
Wait thee the millions gone before,  
And soon shall countless millions more  
    Be gathered there?

Why dread the grave? Thy scanty gain  
Earth's glaring furnaces of pain  
    Will soon destroy ;  
Release from danger and distress,  
From hunger, cold and weariness,  
From disappointment and duress,  
    Is highest joy !

Why dread the grave? The darkness there,  
Toward which thy wandering footsteps fare,  
    Is not more drear  
Than that which fills the vast abyss  
Of worlds forgot, preceding this,  
Wherein thy path thou didst not miss  
    In journeying here.



Why dread the grave? Full well I know  
 Its walls are chill, its roof is low,  
     Its door is fast ;  
 And yet those chambers, still and deep,  
 Guard well their tenants' peaceful sleep,  
 Howe'er so hard above may sweep  
     The biting blast.

Why dread the grave? Each spring-time fair  
 Shall with new robes of beauty rare  
     Thy form inclose ;  
 For thee, at blush of morning bright,  
 The birds will carol their delight,  
 And God's own stars shall watch by night  
     Thy sweet repose.

Why dread the grave? 'Tis but the rest  
 Of childhood on its mother's breast,  
     Which claims thy stay.  
 There one by one we all shall lie,  
 And over us the bending sky  
 Will croon its softest lullaby  
     Till breaks the day !

O friendly grave ! O slumber sweet !  
The sure, the safe, the sole retreat  
    From pain and grief !  
O weary one — it matters not  
From throne or dungeon, hall or cot —  
Here find thy troubles all forgot  
    In blest relief !

XXVIII.

THE CITY OF PEACE.

ON yonder lone hill stands the City of Peace,  
 And among the dark foliage there  
 I can see its white spires and glittering domes  
 Gleam forth through the still evening air.  
 It has beautiful avenues stretching afar,  
 And many a cross-running street,  
 But no sound of horseman, nor rumble of car,  
 Nor din of on-hurrying feet.

[Peace,  
 There's a wide granite wall round the City of  
 And its iron gates guard every way ;  
 But no one outside seeks to enter therein,  
 Nor would any within go astray.  
 Sweet flowers abound. By mansion and cot  
 The roses and violets blow,  
 And yet the inhabitants gather them not  
 To wear on their bosoms of snow.

There are numberless forms in the City of Peace  
Which childhood might claim as its own ;  
But no rippling laughter, no voices of glee,  
Resound through those houses of stone.  
No toys unremembered the corridors fill,  
No need of a guardian's care ; [and still,  
For the dimpled white hands are now folded  
And none are disturbed by them there.

There are those from mid-life in the City of  
Peace,  
Fair women and brave-hearted men,  
With hand from the plowshare, the workshop,  
the mart,  
The chisel, the brush and the pen.  
All are there, but no clangor of anvil or loom  
Outwearies the sun's waning light,  
No glimmer of dim study-lamp with the gloom  
Contentends through the watches of night.

The aged are there in the City of Peace ;  
Their thin locks were whitened with grief,  
And their shoulders bent low by the burdens of  
care

They had borne ere they found their relief.  
They are there, but their pains and their sor-  
rows are gone,

At the gates of the city they sped,  
And the staff and the crutch they had once  
leaned upon

Have been left with the ills that are fled.

They grow old no more in the City of Peace,  
The seasons of bloom and of snow  
In rapid succession alternately come  
Disarmed of each weapon of woe.

They murmur no more. No discords appear  
To mar the serene of that spot,  
Where those who had striven in enmity here  
Have all of their strivings forgot.

No scepter is known in the City of Peace,  
Distinctions no longer divide;  
But pontiff and peasant, and beggar and king,  
In changeless equality bide.  
The same kindly earth folds them fast to her  
breast,  
The same gentle dews nightly fall,

The same zephyrs lull them to untroubled rest,  
And the same loving skies over all.

No watchmen of earth walk the City of Peace,  
But the angels of God gather there,  
And bending in love over each lowly bed  
They guard it with tenderest care.  
And while these yet linger new legions draw  
nigh,  
Lest the sleepers might waken alone,  
And thus to and fro they unceasingly fly  
'Twixt the City of Peace and the Throne.

They are waiting for us in the City of Peace,  
And, whithersoever we fare,  
We shall ne'er find a pathway which leads not  
at last  
With unerring certainty there.  
They are waiting for us. We are hastening on.  
Each eventide brings us more near  
The shadowy portals through which those have  
gone  
Whom we miss in our journeyings here.

O silent, O wonderful City of Peace,  
God's outlying villa of rest,  
Where He calls all His children to give them  
release

From the toils that their lives have oppressed !  
O city coeval with time in its birth,  
And the last yet to be overthrown,  
The gathering place of the millions of earth,  
The seaport for countries unknown !

